

The New, Bigger
**CALLING ALL
GIRLS**

SEPT.-1946
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STORIES · FASHIONS · MOVIES
GOOD LOOKS · TRICKS FOR TEENS

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The New, Bigger
**CALLING ALL
GIRLS**

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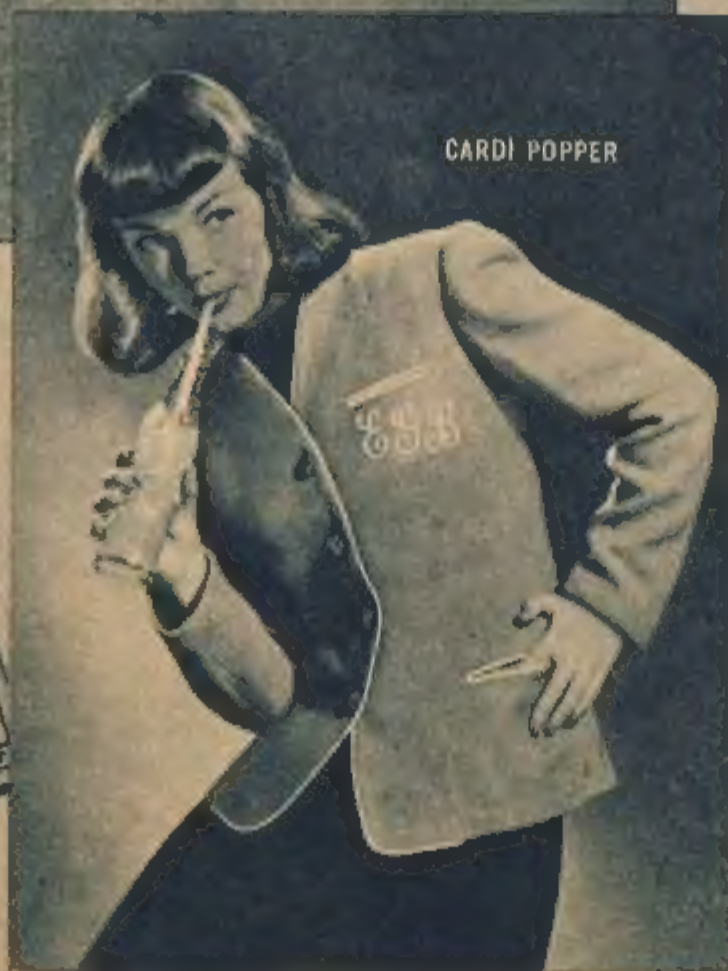
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CALLING ALL GIRLS

Contents

SEPTEMBER, 1946

Assignment for Tomorrow	23
Young Man on a Horse	26
Tuck It In, Teens!	28
Every Lassie Has Her Plaidie	30
Midwestern Designers Consider You	32
Mayor Martin's Daughter	34
Star Pupils	36
Telltale Details	38
Judy Wing	40
Movies that Matter	42
Try It—Dye It!	44
The Mystery at Blue Valley Farm	46
New Girl in School	49
Go Steady in Co-ed Fashions	50
Let's Make the Fur Fly	52
Look What's Happened to Your Coat!	54
Let's Talk Things Over	56
Jabberwocky and Jive	58
The Egg and You	60
Tricks for Teens	62
Calling All Girls Club News	66
Simplicity Sue Makes Jumpers and Belts	68
Good for Giggles	78
Beauty Buy-Words	84

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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Even though we can't answer all your letters, we give thoughtful consideration to every one of them. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

The way ahead

CAG has everything I like, particularly the articles on careers. I read all of them, and I find they are helping me to make up my mind about what I want to do when I finish high school.

C. C., St. Louis, Mo.

I've always wanted to be a doctor, but I don't know just where to start. I do hope you'll have an article on a career for women in medicine telling about the cost, schooling, and other requisites.

P. K., Grand Rapids, Mich.

One man's meat . . .

"From You to Us" is simply super. I like it a lot because I can find out what other people like and dislike about CAG. It must not only be helpful to you, but also rather disconcerting. You find out that just about everybody's likes are somebody's dislikes. I think that in the face of this, you have done a super wonderful job of making CAG so popular among so many readers. Whenever I come to an article which I think has little interest for me, I read it anyway and usually find something that makes me glad I read it.

J. V., Haddonfield, N. J.

I just can't tell you how much I enjoy CAG, but "Jabberwocky and Jive" is hopeless. Let's have a better feature, please!

S. L. D., Baldwin, N. Y.

My sister and I have been receiving your magazine for a year and we both enjoy it more than any magazine we have read before. I enjoy the mysteries and "Jabberwocky and Jive." The letters from the readers are also interesting to read, especially the ones from foreign countries.

L. D., Buenos Aires, Argentina

Thanks, pals

Honestly, those letters you get about your magazine covers! What does it matter? It's the whole magazine itself and not just the cover that counts—and you've really got a swell mag!

P. T., Richmond, Va.

She shares the wealth

Your magazine is simply super. I usually read it oomphteen times and then take it to an infantile paralysis ward. Every boy and girl there eagerly waits for me to come so they can read the (Continued on page 96)

just for you...

...that fresh live look, that young bright skin. And just for you, this wonderful little beauty routine created by the glamour wizard, Helena Rubinstein. She tells you to

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these 4 entrance requirements.

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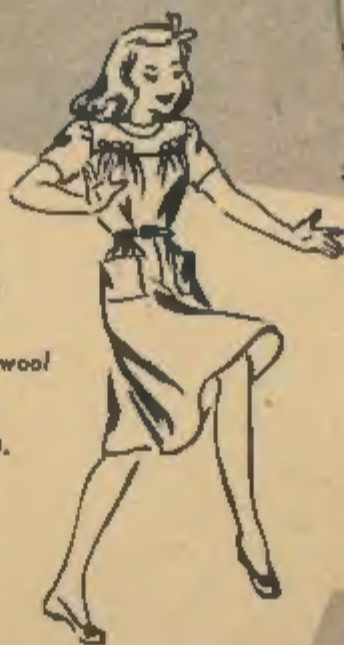
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to a
round your
head!*

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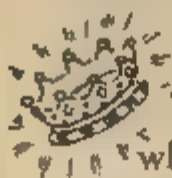
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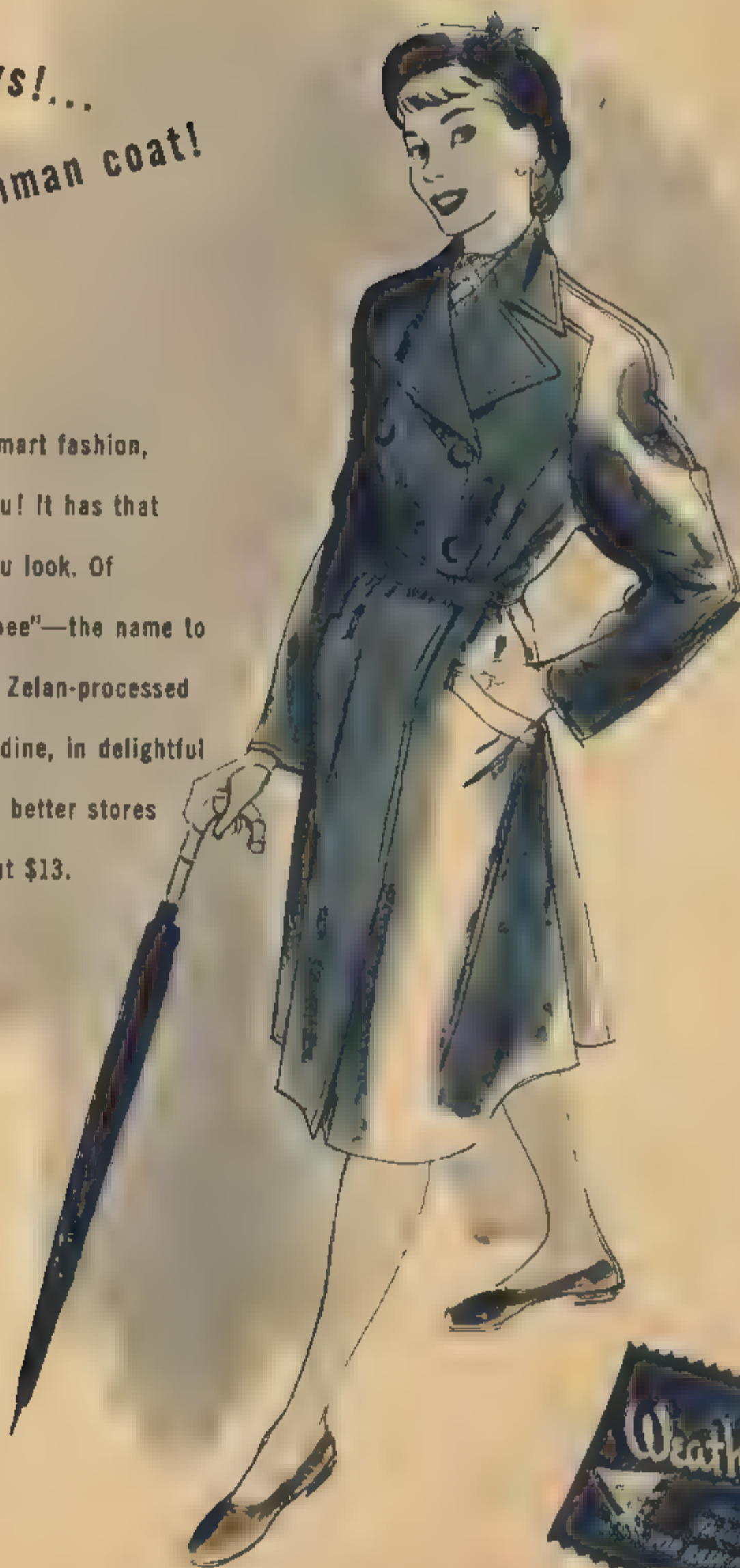
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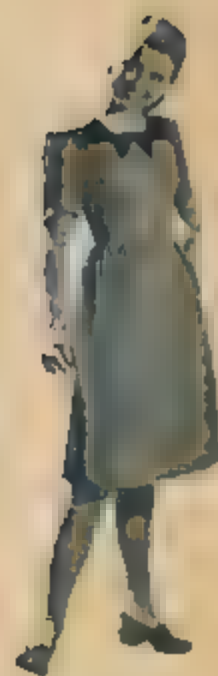
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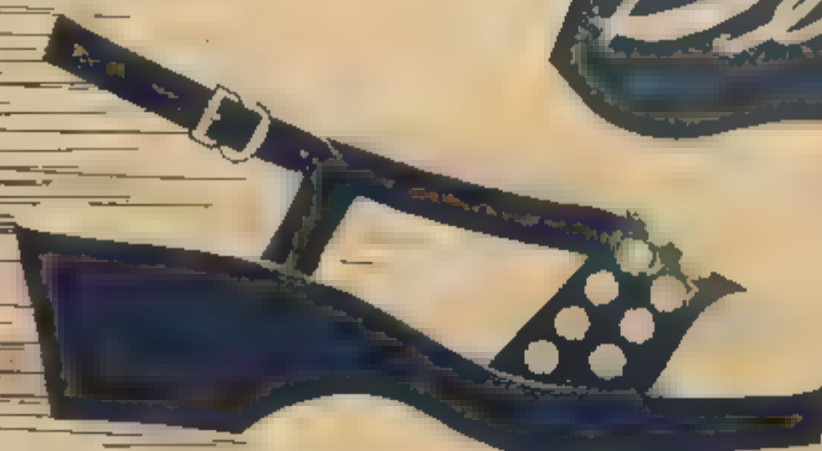
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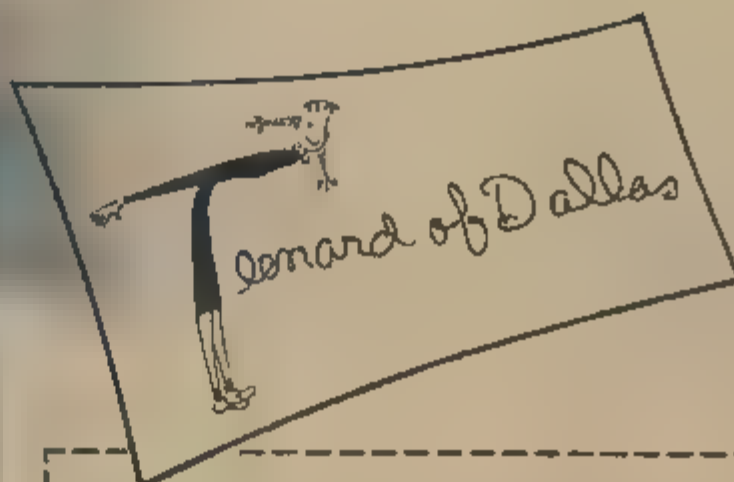




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The two at the right are of woolens by Winthrop Mills.

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ASSIGNMENT FOR TOMORROW

One look at her report card
left Phyllis in a foot-of-the-class fog, until an under-
standing teacher showed her a new horizon.

By MARY BRINKER POST

REPORT CARD

PHYLLIS sat on the window seat, her English composition book in her lap, and stared out at the sky. Clouds were racing across the high blue dome, driven by fall winds. Some of them looked like the bellying, full sails of a ship; others were frail, thin streamers, like tattered flags.

"Well, Phyllis, woolgathering as usual," said Isobel, her older sister, coming out of her room at the head of the stairs. "Thought you had a theme to write for English?"

"I hate English—I hate school!" cried Phyllis savagely, giving her sister a dark look.

"That's fairly obvious, from the grades you get," laughed Isobel. "Honestly, pet, why don't you work, for a change? I'm sure you're not really dumb."

Phyllis made a face. "Sure, I'm dumb. I'm the dumb one in the Mitchell family, didn't you know? You and Tony are the brains."

"Well, you play a good game of tennis, anyway," Isobel clattered down the stairs, laughing over her shoulder. "But that won't get you into college, lambie pie."

"Who wants to go to college?" snapped Phyllis.



"If I get through high school, I'll be lucky."

Her words and voice had been flippant, but in her heart Phyllis was sunk. What was the matter with her, anyway? Why couldn't she keep her mind on school? Maybe she was dumb. But she learned other things fast enough—tennis and how to sail a boat. But in school she couldn't concentrate. It all seemed so dull and dry. And now she had an English theme to write—"My Most Exciting Experience." How could she write when someone else picked the subject?

"I'd like to write about the way the sky looks tonight—the things it makes me feel," thought Phyllis, "but old Miss Tewksbury would

have a fit. 'You've been assigned a topic, Phyllis. Please stick to that.' Gosh, I'll get another C. I know I will. And Daddy will give me a lecture and Mom will act flustered and try to pretend she doesn't care, that she isn't comparing me to Tony and Isobel. Maybe I ought to quit school and get a job. Girls dumber than me can get jobs. What's the good of going to school, anyhow?"

She sighed, picked up her English book, and tried to concentrate on the structure of a paragraph. She licked the point of her pencil and wrote in her notebook, "My Most Exciting Experience," very neatly and carefully and then she stared out the window again.

The next morning she slumped

down in her seat in English class and stared out of the window. Presently the bell rang and the teacher came in, accompanied by the principal.

"Hey," whispered Dorothy Greene across the aisle, "who is she? And what's old Baldwin doing in here?"

Reluctantly Phyllis turned from the window to look at the woman standing beside Mr. Baldwin before the class. She was small and slim, with large, clear, blue eyes, short, curly hair, and a ruddy, tanned complexion.

Mr. Baldwin cleared his throat and beamed upon the class. "I have an announcement to make, class. Miss Tewksbury has had to take a leave of absence for her

Phyllis told her about being the dumb one in her family. Mrs. Lloyd laughed, and said she'd been that, too.



health, but we have the good fortune to have Mrs. Lloyd take her place. I'm sure you and she will get along very well."

"Thank you, Mr. Baldwin," said the new teacher in a warm, friendly voice. "I hope very much that we will. I don't expect to take Miss Tewksbury's place, but I shall try to make a place for myself with the class."

Mr. Baldwin smiled at her and went out, and the class stared at the new teacher. She went to the desk, flipped the pages of Miss Tewksbury's assignment book, then turned to the class again.

"I'm going to ask you to help me a bit, at first, until I get used to things," she said in an easy

(Continued on page 79)



I KNOW what's going to happen when you see my new picture, "Duel in the Sun." You'll hate me, love my horse. Well, I've got it coming. As Lewt McCanles, I'm the meanest, ornriest kind of a guy, and you're supposed to hate me. But my horse—well, let me tell you about Dice.

Dice is a black and white paint pony, and in the picture I give him to Jennifer Jones. Dice can roll his lip back three inches and leer in a way to frighten anyone. He will limp on command. He rolls over, whispers, nuzzles, counts by pounding his hoof, and does seventeen other tricks.

Dice takes to being photographed in a big way. Every now and then, when he felt he wasn't the only star on the lot, he'd try to get into a scene where he didn't belong, stick his head between two of the players, and act the ham generally. At last he got so bad the directors had to rig up a dummy camera somewhere else on the set, which had Dice fooled. While he posed before the dummy, they could shoot the other scenes in peace.

Ralph McCutcheon, the man who (Continued on page 90)



Young Man on a Horse

Give a man like Peck a horse like Dice, and he's bound to corral a lot of new fans among teen-agers

By GREGORY PECK

Upper right—Dice indulges in a bit of horseplay. He doesn't approve of Cowboy Peck's snail's pace on foot—so, oops-a-daisy!

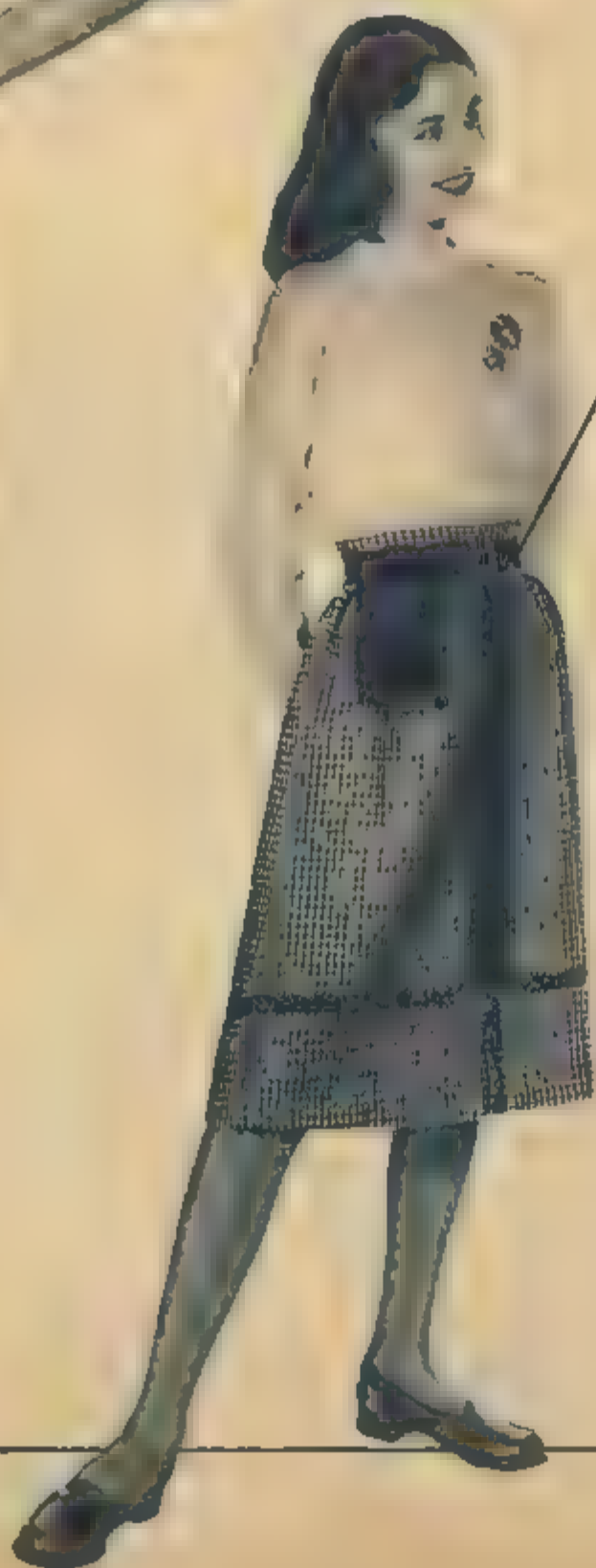
Right—Nice for Dice, huh? But seriously, the cowboy is the same Peck you saw in "Spellbound," whom you'll see soon in "The Yearling."

Below, left—Two stars and a stand-in, or did you think you were seeing double? Rio, on the left, doubles for Dice, except in stunts.

Below, right—Stars Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck take time out between scenes to relax in the sun while on location in Arizona.



tuck it in, TEENS!

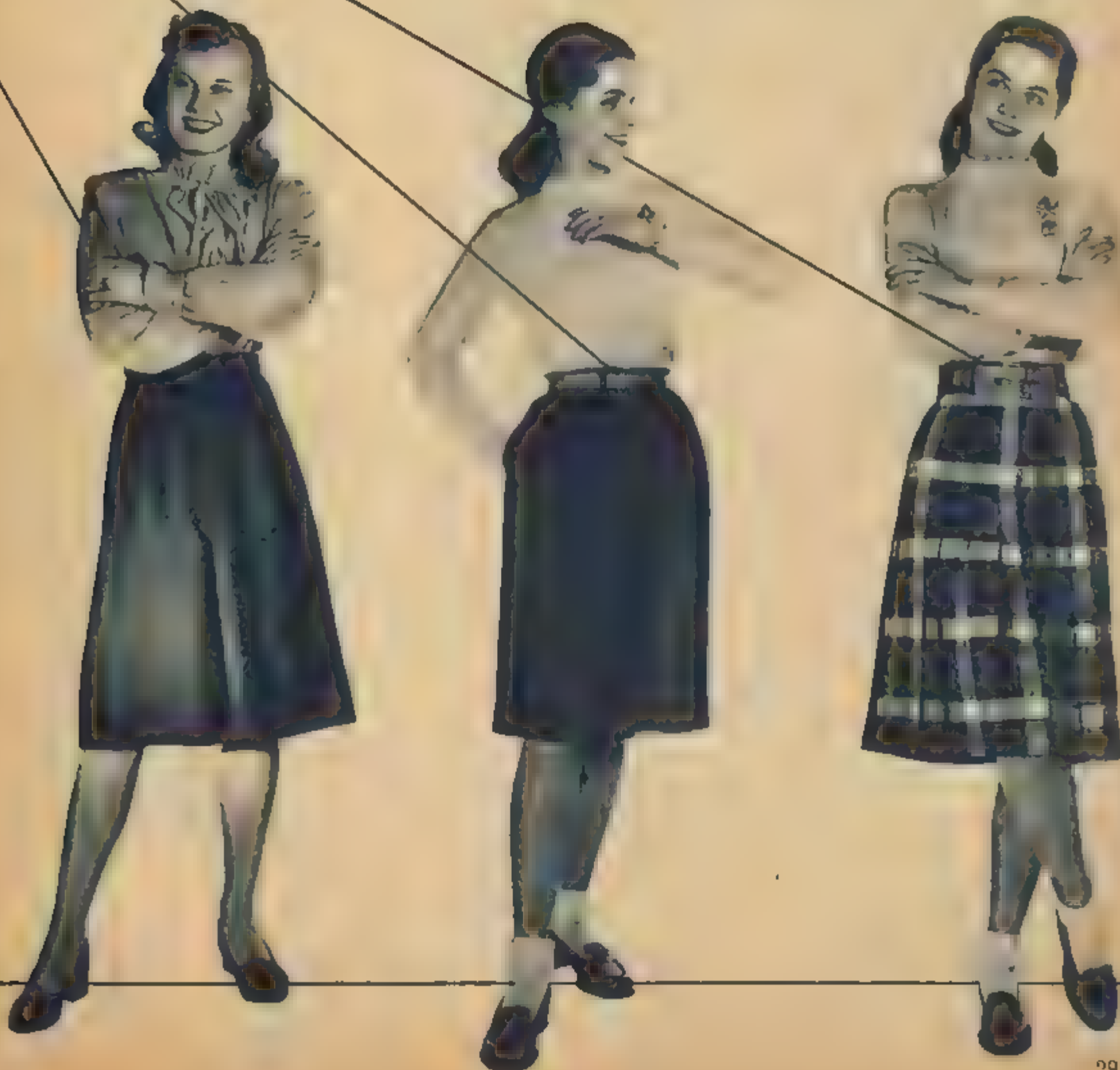




By **NANCY PEPPER**, Fashion Editor

● Lost: that sloppy look. Found: a trim waistline. Left to right, Wyner jersey Two-piecer on the cover, by Gail Berk, about \$17, with Madcaps stocking cap, Cobblers fur shoes, and fur belt by Anso. Barbelle's checked wool dirndl, about \$8, with Mohawk's turtle-neck sweater, pocket belt by Lapello, medal pins by Benedict. Wool blouse, wool plaid dirndl twosome by Teen House, about \$25. Ruffled jersey blouse by Pat Petite Teen, about \$6, with Miss Charmer's dress-up skirt of Ames wool with nailheads, about \$8. Derby's trouser-pleat skirt, about \$6. Joan Lord belted, pleated, plaid skirt with Bonnie Lassie turtle-neck sweater. Werthley fob.

At Official Headquarters stores on page 98 or send for where-to-buy information to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Every lassie

OPPOSITE page—Wonderful, wonderful Farnsworth woolen plaid, in three matching pieces by Fairway, can be the backbone of your school wardrobe. Wear the slacks, about \$9, with Selecteens' bulky knit turtle-neck pull-over, about \$6, and a leather-buckled burlap belt by King Fashionable. Pirate Booties by Prima. New shirred skirt, about \$9, classic jacket, about \$15, with Bonnie Lassie turtle neck sweater and Belt Modes studded belt. Just wait till you see these outfits in glowing color in the CALLING ALL GIRLS movie!

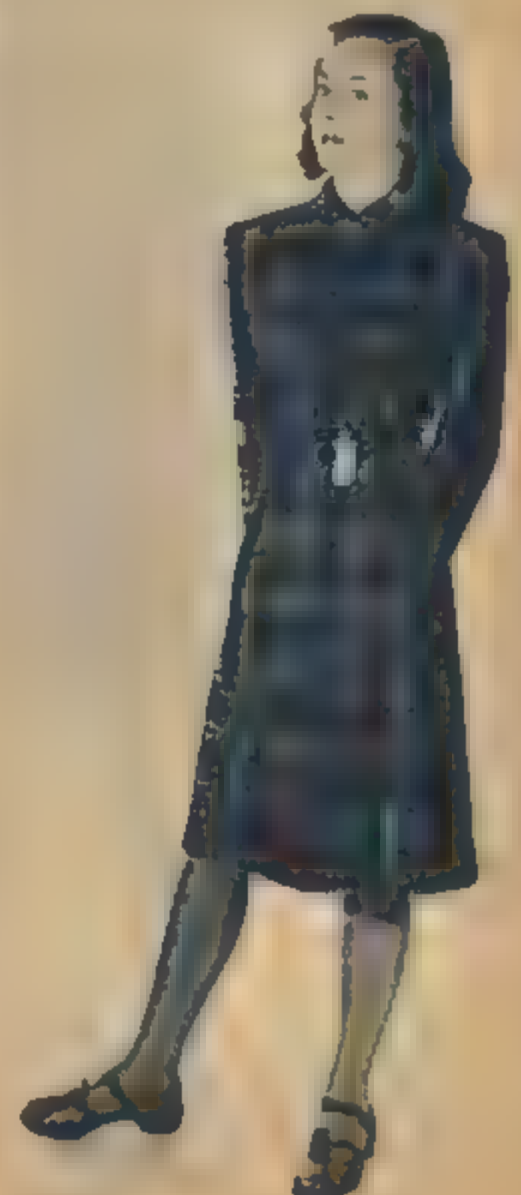


Left—Something new in a plaid wool jerkin by Berk Togs, about \$17. Wear it with a soft white turtle-neck sweater and add the pocket-pouch belt by Belt Modes. Red flats by Lester Pincus.

Below—Basques look new in Springfield clan plaid wool. This one by Favoriteen, about \$17. Coin fob by Wertbley; sandals by Sandalcraft.



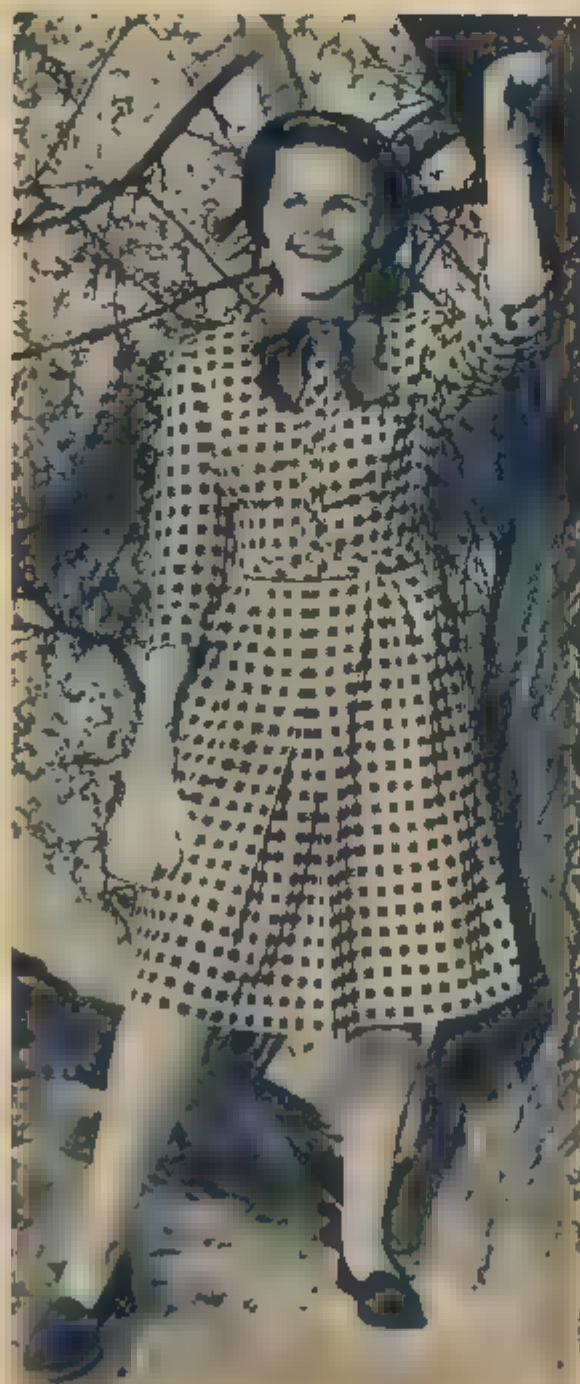
Above, left—Ellen Hewitt, brilliant designer of Young Things, lines a green wool jacket with quilted Dan River cotton plaid; the matching blouse shown in small picture is reminiscent of *Little Women*. Red flats by Lester Pincus, beret by Vic-Teen. These and other plaids at Official Headquarters Stores on page 98, or write for where-to-buy information.



has her **PLAID**ie



MIDWESTERN DESIGNERS CONSIDER YOU



● Far left—Flannel bellhop jacket, under \$8, and corduroy pedal pushers, under \$7, by Boreva of Chicago. Youngest newspaper columnist, teenage Sheila John Daly, poses for CAG in Chicago. Her sister is Maureen Daly, who wrote *Seventeenth Summer*.

● Center—Bold buffalo-checked wool in a soft basque suit with Buster Brown bow, by Teen House of Milwaukee, under \$20. Worn by Milwaukee high-schooler Mary Lou Bischoff in Juneau Park, Milwaukee.

● Top—Midwestern version of the tuck-in skirt theme that will rate No. 1 with teen-agers from coast to coast this fall. By Minx Modes of St. Louis, under \$20. Worn by Nancy Hagerman, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club member at Famous Barr, St. Louis Headquarters.



● Above—Midwestern casuals go "soft." Left, Push-up sleeves and pocket detail in Labtex fabric by Dick Hanson of St. Louis, about \$15. Right, Wool jersey overblouse and skirt by Americana of Cleveland, about \$15.

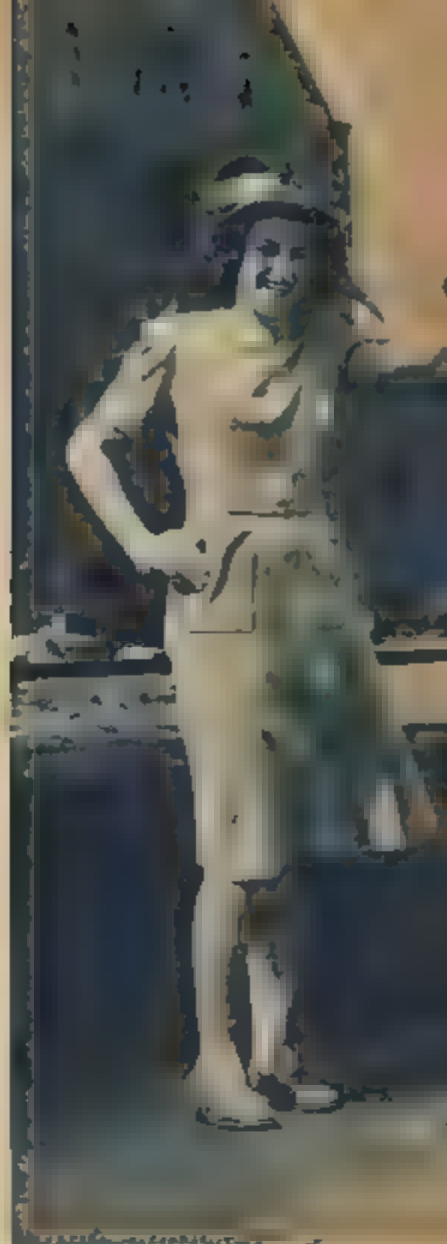
● Center—Chicago teen-ager, Jerry Talmy, poses in front of the famous Wrigley Building in a checked wool and rayon dress by Mario Jrs. of Chicago, about \$17. Her sequin-trim, felt cloche a Teen-Age by Gage.

● Below, right—Heidi Hyde of Chicago gives you a dolman-sleeve jumper of Labtex rayon fabric with contrasting fagoting, about \$8. Joan Battles wears it at the Chicago Art Institute. Bow blouse, about \$4, by Lowell Jr. Teen-Age by Gage felt cloche.

● Above, right—Doris Dodson, famous St. Louis designer, combines three pastel shades in flannel for our two piece. About \$13. St. Louis high-schooler, Sue Rafferty, models it in front of the famous St. Louis fountain.



Midwestern fall fashions at some of the Official Headquarters Stores, page 98, or send for where to buy information. More fashions on pages 50 52 54 and 68



STYLING BY
GIRLS
AS
Screen
Tested
AND
FASHION





When she saw two Pegs at the
costume ball, Connie knew double
trouble was ahead—and it was!

By RUTH BERMAN



Mayor MARTIN'S DAUGHTER

MY, what a big stomach you have, Mr. Top!" Connie Martin grinned up into her dancing partner's face. Her blue eyes were twinkling merrily under her mask. It was too bad, she thought to herself, that masquerades and flirting didn't mix, or she could practice up for Cap.

"Costumes like this aren't made for dancing cheek to cheek." Her partner glanced down at his well-padded middle. "But we can spin. That's what tops are supposed to do anyhow." He whirled her around violently.

"Take it easy, chum." Connie clung desperately to the basket of fruit perched on top of her red head. "My Carmen Miranda get-up isn't made for spinning."

The energetic top braked himself at a turn and lapsed into a dignified shuffle. Connie relaxed, following him easily. Over his shoulder, the Central City ballroom seemed bright and gay in its crepe-paper trimmings. Long streamers fringed the high French windows and cartoon cutouts plastered the walls. The floor was dotted with dancing couples, looking romantic and mysterious in their masks and fancy dress costumes. Connie was glad her crowd had dreamed up this masquerade idea. It was a fitting finale to the Civic Club convention that was winding up a two-week session the next day. Most of the delegates had brought along their families, and the local teen-agers had played host to their sons and daughters. This Saturday night shindig was their farewell celebration for the friends they had made.

Connie shifted into rumba rhythm, while eyeing a Red Cross knight and an Arabian sheik speculatively. That cowlick on the knight's head was strangely reminiscent of Cap Riley's, she noticed. And the sheik had Stub Stevens' habit of pulling on his ear. She wondered what was keeping Peggy Stone. If she and Peg recognized the boys before the unmasking, there was an ice-cream soda in it for each of them. And Connie could almost taste hers right now.

Suddenly Connie spotted her friend, standing alone by the punch bowl. Connie smiled to herself. Peggy looked cute, she thought, in her costume as the first woman suffragette of Central City. She'd copied it from a book in the library. The billowy pants and tailored blouse set off her trim figure neatly; she carried her right arm in a black sling, and the blue turban on her head matched the bows tied to her shoes.

Connie waited until the school orchestra had finished a boogie-woogie number. Then she patted the Top gently on his accordion-pleated ruffle, and threaded her way over to the punch bowl. "What's the good word, Peggy m'love?" She jabbed a finger between her friend's shoulder blades. "And why so anti-social?"

Peggy swung around abruptly. "Oh," she murmured, "It's you."

"Nobody else but," Connie replied cheerfully. Her glance swept over Peggy's hand and her eyes widened. "Jeepers," she exclaimed, examining the old-fashioned ring on Peggy's fourth

finger, "that's a nice ring! Did your mother lend it to you to finish out your costume?"

"Uh-huh." Peggy looked nervously around the room.

Connie followed her gaze. "See those two boys over there?" she asked eagerly. "The Red Cross knight and the sheik, I mean. I'll bet you an extra soda they're Cap and Stub. Let's reconnoiter." Before Connie could elaborate, a jack of spades was bowing low before her.

"Dance, señorita?"

And as he whisked Connie back to the floor, Peggy nodded understandingly and sauntered over to the knight and the sheik. "At least one of us is getting some practical research done," Connie told herself grimly, trying to keep pace with her partner, who was bouncing around more like a jack-in-the-box than a jack of spades.

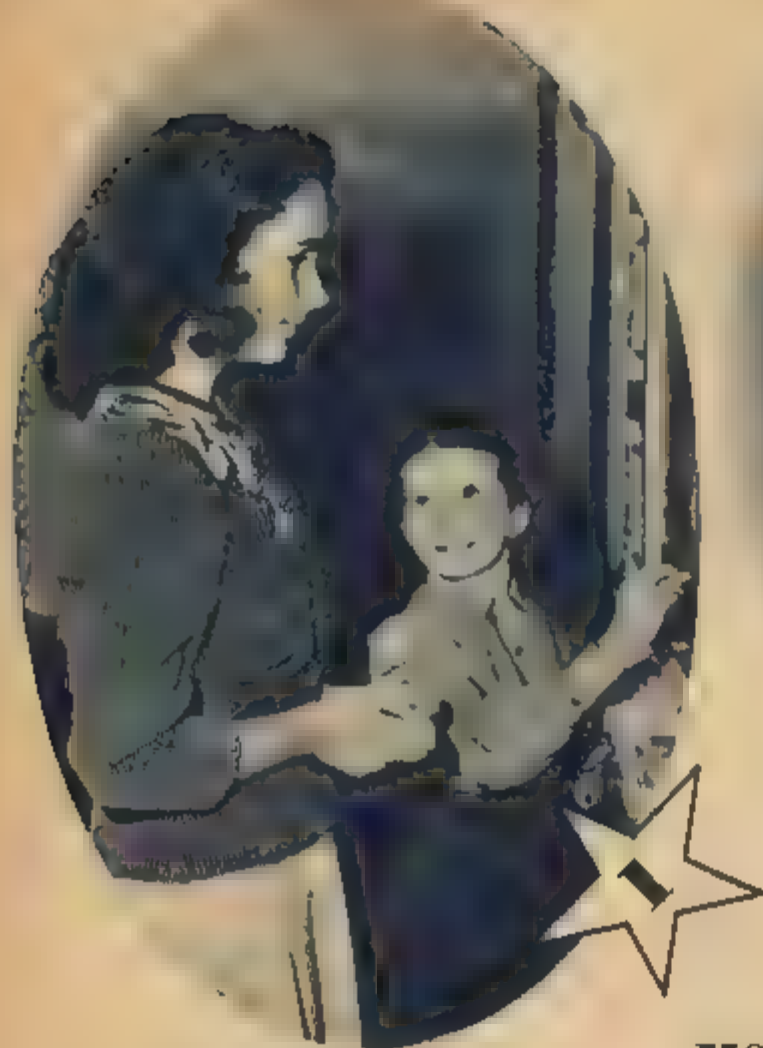
"Going to enter the amateur contest tonight, Miss Carmen Miranda?" he asked, breaking into a restrained jig.

"Nope, are you?" Connie hoped the basket of fruit was tied securely.

"Sure, I've got a great tap routine." The jack of spades leaned closer. "I'll tell you a secret. There are a couple of talent scouts loose around here. They're visiting in town, so they dropped in tonight to pick up some talent on the side."

"Really?" Connie caught a glimpse of Peggy beckoning from the door. "Excuse me, I've got to see a girl about a couple of guys." She darted over to the entrance.

(Continued on page 91)



STAR PUPILS

School bells ring for young Hollywood stars, too, and in movie-lot classrooms, they're busy with verbs, acids, and X plus Y

By MARY JORDAN
Hollywood Editor

HOLLYWOOD may be a gaudy schoolmistress, but she's a stern one too. The Los Angeles Board of Education keeps close tabs on all human actors under eighteen years of age.

Along with obtaining the judge's approval of their contracts, junior actors have to trot right over to the Board of Education offices to take comprehensive tests to find out in which grade they belong in school. Until they're eighteen, actors must have at least three hours of lessons and supervised study a day. And they can't work more than four hours a day before the camera. Elizabeth Taylor had to forego her Easter vacation to catch up on the required number of lesson hours that were lost when she went on a bond tour. But that didn't upset Elizabeth too much.

"If you have to go to school," she says, "it's more fun to go this way. There's nothing routine about it. When you're working in a picture, your lessons are often interrupted to do a scene—which breaks the monotony. You don't have to figure out how to get around so many different teachers either, because you have the same one for all your subjects. And my teacher has time to be more (Continued on page 85)



1 Busy at a blackboard in their studio school are Elizabeth Taylor and Margaret O'Brien, who are pals though not in the same class. It's recess time, but they're deep in thought. The problem on the board? Confidentially, it's just ticktacktoe!

2 Skippy Homer pounds out some of his homework on the typewriter in a quiet corner of the studio classroom while he's waiting to go before the cameras. Incidentally, Skippy's report card is one that anybody would be happy to show.

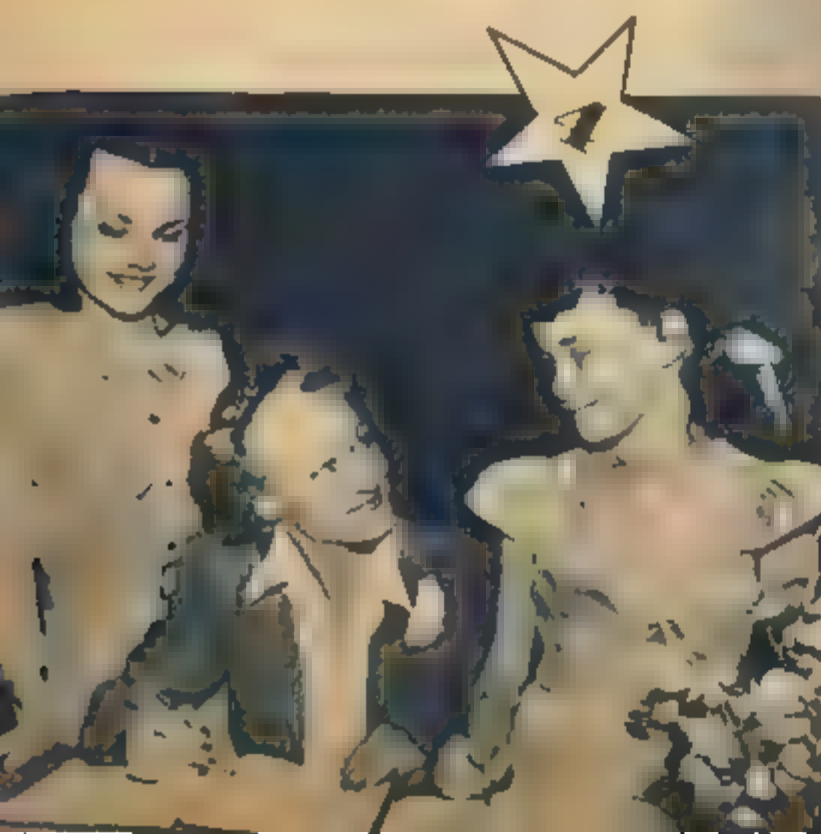
3 Even on location, there's no escape! In a school on wheels, Frances Klampt guides the stars in their courses. Because classes are small, graduating pupils are invited to get their diplomas and share in the senior frolics at near-by high schools.

4 Clare Foley writes down the assignment which teacher Lois Horn is making for the following day. Wanda Hendrix is waiting for a little help with her homework. School togs for young stars are whatever they happen to be wearing on the set of their current movie.

5 Caught mapping in geography class, Claude Jarman, Jr. points out to Jane Powell the route he took to get from his home in Nashville, Tenn., to Florida to play in "The Yearling." He keeps a record of the states he visits and it's growing fast.

6 What? Jane Powell a teacher? Not really. She's just quizzing her classmates while Florence White, the teacher, watches. Facing the camera are Helene Stanley, on the left, and Dolores Day. That lone boy in the background is Claude Jarman, Jr.

Photos below from International News Service





Your hair—is it sparkling clean? Is it brushed to a shine? Is it dandruff-free? Are your hair ribbons or other hair gadgets fresh? Are your bobby pins tucked away out of sight?



Your hands—are you neatly manicured? If you use colored polish, is the shade light (good taste for teens) and in key with your other colors?



Your underthings—are they fresh and mended? Is your slip the proper length, so it can't possibly put in an untimely appearance at the hemline? Are the straps firm, insuring against breakage? If you wear a girdle or other foundation garment, is it properly fitted to smooth out the bumps?

telltale details

By LOUISE CARLISLE
Good Looks Editor

A good score here means you're a winner at the good grooming game

You're all turned out to a 10 — you think. You have a new school outfit that's creamy. You have put your color scheme together with the greatest care. You even have a smooth new hair-do. All well and good, so far. But you can mar the whole beautiful effect by missing out on even one or two of the fine details of good grooming, so better check up on them today, and every day.

Your complexion—is it clean and clear? Is your make-up, if any, unobtrusive? Is your lipstick expertly applied, and of a shade that will harmonize with your whole color scheme?

Your accessories and jewelry

—are they appropriate to your outfit and to the occasion? Are your stockings seams straight? Is your purse uncluttered with junk? Have you got a fresh hanky? (Sounds like Marmee in Little Women. But Marmee was right!) Are your gloves, if any, clean?

And underneath it all—are you, yourself, tub-fresh from head to toe? Have you taken precautions against perspiration odor by using a deodorant or an anti-perspirant? Have you used any perfume or scented toilet preparations with discretion, so that you give off a subtle fragrance, but don't smell, even if deliciously? Well, how do you come out in your little quiz? If you rate high, we predict you'll have good poise and win the admiration of family and friends because you are really well groomed. The details tell the tale!



**When Judy found a baby
—and what a baby—on her doorstep, she went
right up in the air, which was just
what Skip Howard wanted**

By ANNETTE TURNER
Author of "Mystery Rides the River"

Judy King 4



"Yipes!" yelled Bob, as Judy pushed the stick forward and the plane looped gently over on its back. "The pig!"

THE basket had been set to one side on the dormitory steps; otherwise Judy Wing would have stumbled over it when she hurried out into the early morning air.

"Well, of all the . . ." She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and looked again. "Oh, it can't be! Not a baby! Not here—this is a flying school!"

The blue and white blanket covering the basket stirred a little. Judy's heart leaped to her throat. She backed away and looked around her. Whoever had rung the bell had disappeared. Judy was all alone in a still-sleeping world—with an abandoned baby.

There was a queer little sound from the basket, and Judy approached cautiously. She pulled back the blanket and looked. From the folds of a ruffled white bonnet two tiny eyes blinked up at her, and from the moist pink snout came a dubious "Oink!" There was a note pinned to the white kimono which four impatient little pig-feet, loosely bound with clothesline, had threshed into a tangled wad. When Judy could stop laughing, she unfolded the paper and read the scribbled note.

"Judy Wing: Please be kind to little Emmaline. You will find her birth certificate in the basket somewhere with her bottle. Unhappy Mother."

Judy sank back against the dormitory wall and howled. But at the sound of her laughter, the pig began to struggle and squeal. Judy stretched out a cautious hand and patted the ruffled bonnet. "Oh, Emmaline!" she said weakly. "What am I supposed to do with you? That's right, the note said you had a bottle." She thrust it into Emmaline's grinning mouth and looked for the birth certificate.

It was official, all right. Emmaline was registered, full-blooded, pure-bred. The F. E. Heddemeyer Stock Farms, from which Emmaline had evidently come, didn't raise anything but the finest hogs—or so Judy decided when she'd read the certificate of registration.

"Well, you've a fine background, baby," said Judy, getting to her feet. "And you're going right back to it as fast as my trusty plane will take you. But first to wake somebody else around this place and put a valuable little porker like you under guard until I get dressed and eat breakfast.

As to who played this prank . . .

Judy didn't have to sound any alarm. Her laughter had awakened some of the girls, and they came straggling down in all stages of morning half-dress. Their reaction to Emmaline—when they had recovered from their first shock—was just the opposite of Judy's.

"You *wouldn't* send her back, Miss Wing!" Penny cried.

"Oh, wouldn't I, though?" Judy answered. "Can you imagine mixing pigs with planes? This is a flying school, Penny!"

"But she's so cute!" Claire protested. "And we'd take turns feeding her. Please, Miss Wing!"

"Look! She's chewing my finger!" Jean had the pig in her arms, crooning over it.

"Hmmp!" said Judy. "One of you with shoes on take the pig out to the hangars to Bob—and the rest of you get back upstairs."

There was a chorus of, "I'll take her!"

"No let me!"

"But I know all about pigs. Daddy raises them!"

"Oh, all right!" Judy laughed. "Have your fun. But Emmaline goes back right after breakfast."

(Continued on page 69)

MOVIES THAT MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor



MISTER KENNY starring Rosaline Russell. A fine film which will keep you entertained for hours. It is a picture of a man who is a detective and is looking for a man who has been missing. Elizabeth Kenny is the woman who is the detective's wife. (RKO)

DAVE'S IRISH ROSE stars the popular comedian, Richard Dix, and Jeanne Darr, on the road to motion picture stardom. We think you'll agree that they deserve the best for the romantic leads. Both Richard and Jeanne prove they are as talented as they are good looking. incidentally, it was Jeanne who was Dick's first love. (Crosby Production, Inc.)



THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM is the story of a woman who is a detective and is looking for a man who has been missing. It is a picture of a man who is a detective and is looking for a man who has been missing. (RKO)



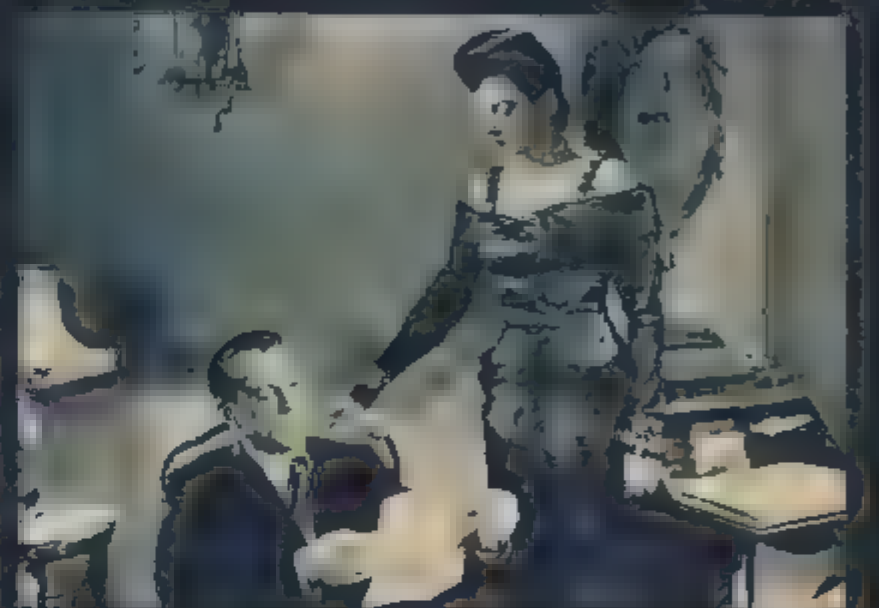
MARGARITA MAMMA is season-degong in Central High. She has a few festive scenes and a year for current fads. But the season is Rudy Vallee and the girls wear pulled stockings instead of socks. (1932) Technicolor, Louis Gray & Menck (20th C. Fox)



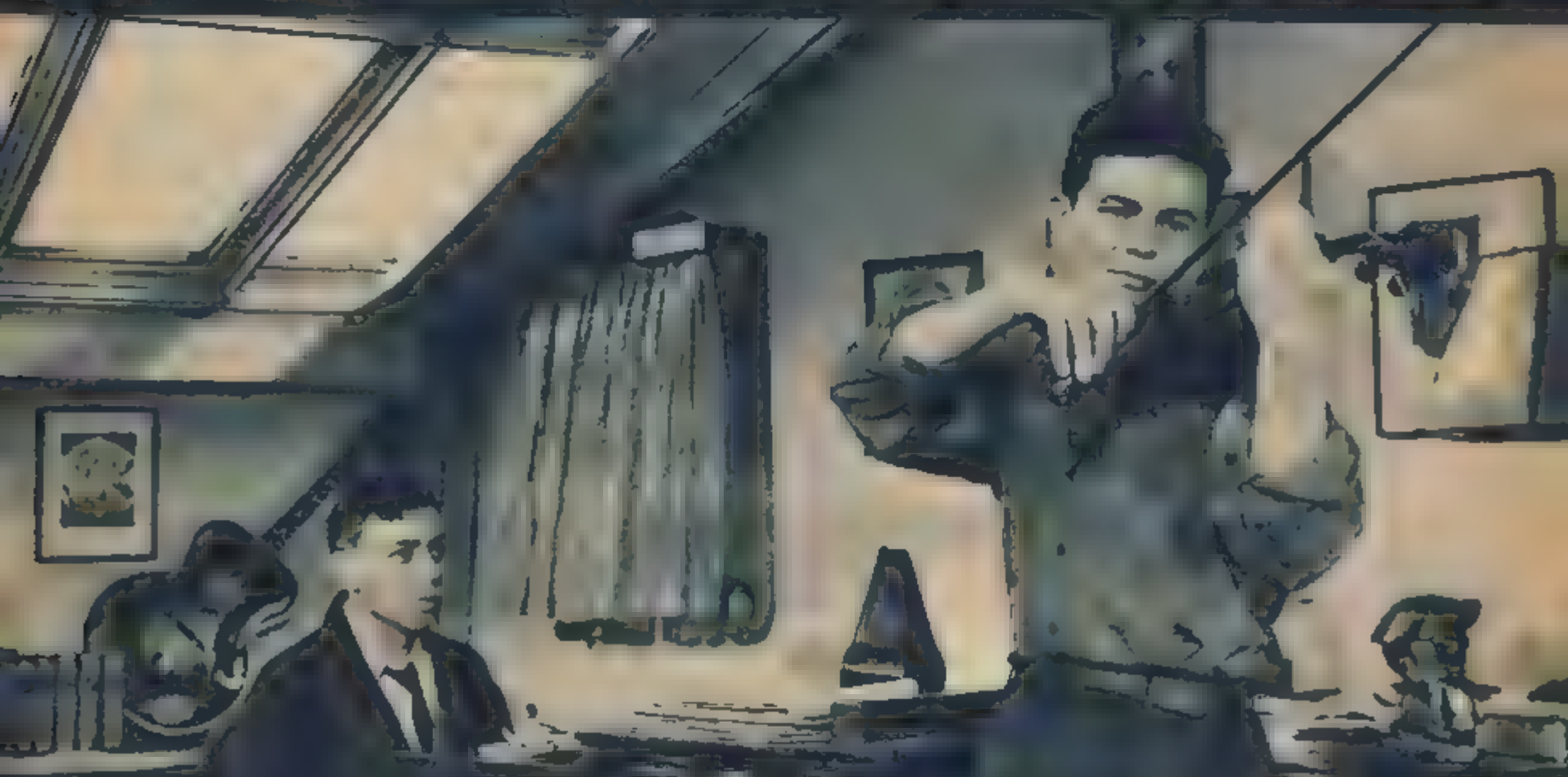
THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE are Helen Hays, Vera Ellen, and Jane Bryan. A trio of pretty sisters on a millionaire hunting expedition. The year is 1935, the setting is Atlantic City in Technicolor, and Frank Capra is the handsome "guy." (20th C. Fox)



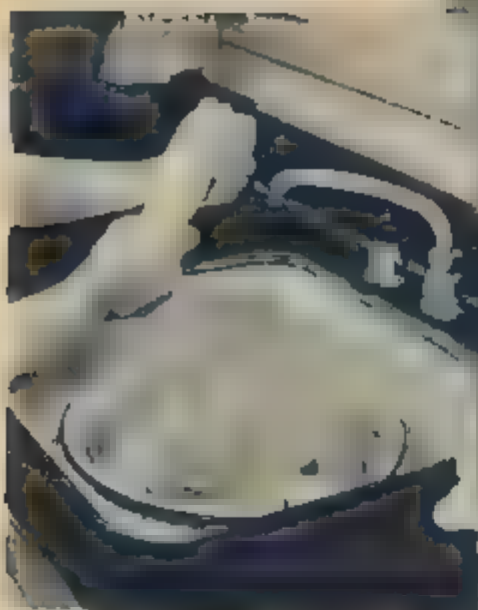
MONSIEUR BEAUCHAMP is a rare French film wrapped up in elegant costumes and elaborate set settings of the eighteenth century. The film is a far-fetched version of Terrence's novel with Jean Cocteau handling camera-work and a well done.



GLOAK AND DAGGER is a recent movie that draws attention for it is about the men of the Office of Strategic Service who saved their lives as spies during the war. British actress Lilli Palmer (Mrs. E. H. Harrigan) partners with Gary Cooper. (Warner)



MONSIEUR BEAUCHAMP is a rare French film wrapped up in elegant costumes and elaborate set settings of the eighteenth century. The film is a far-fetched version of Terrence's novel with Jean Cocteau handling camera-work and a well done.



Above — Wetting fabric thoroughly is first step. Wash well with soap and water, rinse several times.



Right—Next, dissolve the dye powder in a small saucepan, using hot water. Be very careful not to let the solution boil.

DYE IT!

There's hidden gold in that scrap bag, so dig in and draw out for yourself a lovely new room scheme

By **MAXINE LIVINGSTON**

Decorating Editor

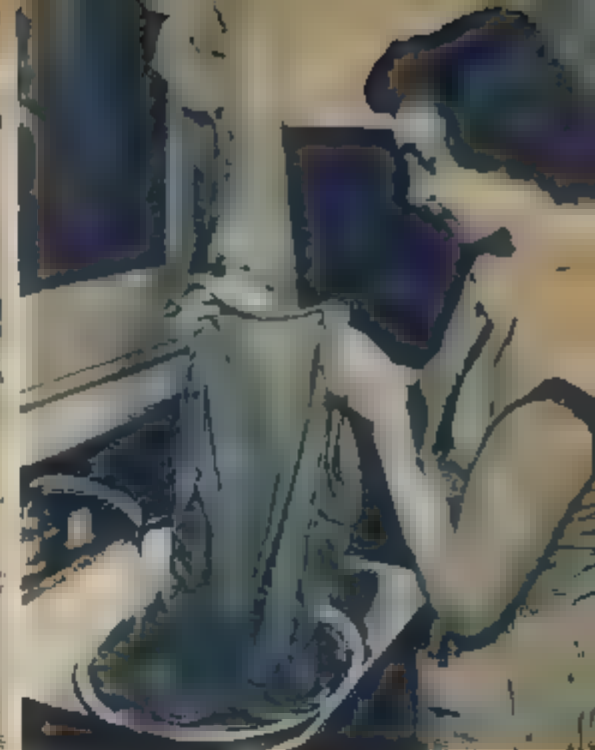
THINK pulling rabbits out of hats is something? Well, we conjured a whole new and inexpensive room scheme out of a scrap bag—and our magic is on the level! Our props were not wands and long black capes, but several yards of used material, a few packages of dye, and a sewing machine. From these simple ingredients we created draperies, a dressing-table skirt, a lamp-shade cover, bench and chair covers, and a ruffle for the mirror. You can easily duplicate this feat for your

own room even if you've never dyed or sewed before.

For our project we salvaged a worn sheet and twelve feed bags. If you live in a rural area, acquiring a few feed bags is a simple matter; city girls may be able to buy some feed, flour, or sugar bags from a local bakery. Perhaps your scrap bag will reveal several different types of fabric, enough for your whole project. It's a simple matter to remove the color from a number of odd pieces and dye them all the same shade.

The first step in our project was to slit the two side seams and open the feed bags flat. Then, even though the sheet and bags seemed clean, to be sure they would take the dye well, they were washed again and rinsed several times until not a trace of soap remained. Marilyn Novak and Laverne Stefane, both **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Club members from Chicago, illustrate above the simple steps which were followed in dyeing our material a soft shade of green to contrast with the bright red-blue-green plaid of the gingham trim. The girls obeyed the step-by-step instructions included in the package of All-Purpose Rit which was used to dye the material.

After rinsing the material under
(Continued on page 88)



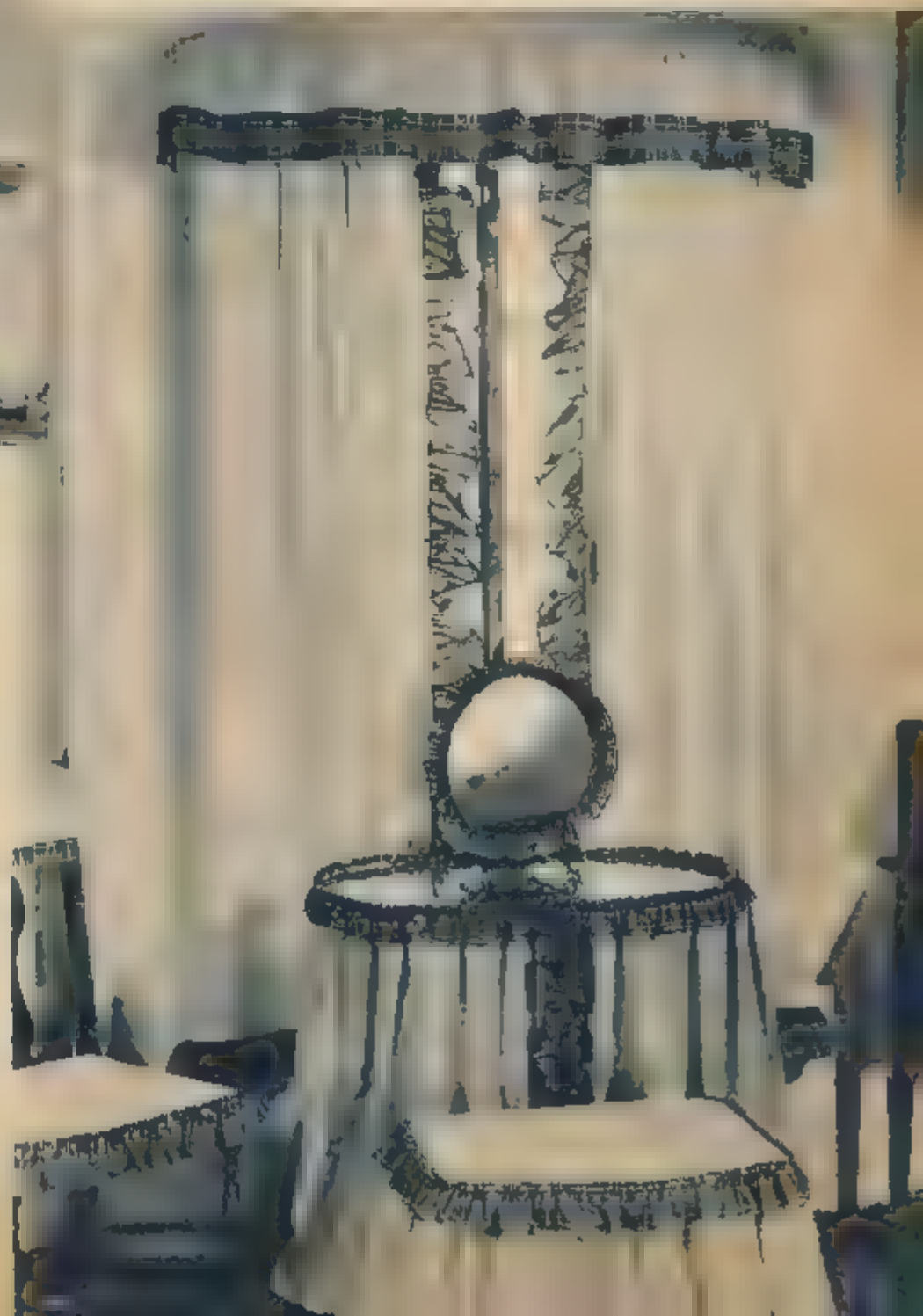
Left—Strain dye solution into container filled with simmering water. Container should be large enough so fabric won't be crowded. Center—Keeping the dye bath at simmering temperature, dye the fabric, stirring constantly to insure an even, unstreaked color. Right—Rinse fabric thoroughly in cool water until all excess dye is washed out and the final rinse water runs clear. For best results, it is important to follow carefully the Rit instructions.



Left—Making ruffles is just as easy as sewing a straight seam if you have the Singer ruffling attachment. Complete ruffle will be stitched to the top of the lampshade cover.

Below, right—The sprightly red-blue-green plaid accents the soft green of the fabric. Since sheet and bags were white originally, they could have been dyed any color successfully.

Below, left—A shortie top and ruffled seat-cover turn an old dining-room chair into a most attractive side chair.





"Somebody who looks like George has been walking up and down out there for several minutes," Andy said

Invers

The MYSTERY at BLUE VALLEY FARM

Liss didn't attach much
significance to the clue she found in the stall, but
it held the secret of Blue Boy's death

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL
Author of "The Desert Calling"

The Final Installment

IAN said quickly, "None o' that, George. You want to get yourself a few facts before you go to callin' names. Instead, you just take Johnnie and these two young ladies down to Dr. O'Brien's house in Postbury—and then forget you ever saw Johnnie Lindquist in this town. That goes for you too, Jimmy," he added, and flashed a commanding glance at the stableboy who so far had said nothing at all.

In the same startled tone, both George and the boy said, "Yes, sir!" Evidently they were accustomed to obeying Ian's orders.

"Aren't you coming, too?" Liss asked anxiously. "You've had a bad blow, Mr. MacLeith. You've got to see a doctor."

"And the police, lass," Ian said, grinning. "I'll just sit tight till they all come along. Rick's gone for Captain Murray, and I'd like to have a talk with him, right here. I'll put in a charge of assault against Somers. That'll give them a chance to hold him till we find out more about his past doin's. There'll be plenty to learn, I'm thinkin'."

"How did he knock you out, Ian?" Johnnie asked. "He's only a little feller, and you're a tough fighter. I've seen you in scraps."

"Oh, I made a few accusations—straight out from the shoulder," Ian said and flushed again. "And they seemed to send him clean off his block. Shows he's afraid. He reached for that paperweight before I knew what was up—he's quick with his hands, Somers is, though he isn't hefty. Then I was out for the count. Didn't know anything more till I came to with Andy cryin' over me, and Johnnie, white as a sheet, about to pour a huge pitcher full of water over my head."

He sent them on their way, on that, with a promise to bring or send news as soon as any was forthcoming.

George, subdued and wordless, drove them back to Postbury. And after that—after all the whirl of exciting happenings of the past two days, a great and rather depressing peace seemed to descend on the two households.

The twins continued to stay with the O'Briens until Johnnie's grandmother was brought home from the hospital at the end of the fifth day. In the meantime, Rick and Johnnie kept bachelor hall in the Lindquist house, and the quartet met daily to discuss what was to be the outcome of all their efforts.

For some reason, Liss did not even tell Andy of her discovery of the gaudy scarf pin in Blue Boy's feed box. She was prudently waiting to see Ian and let him decide as to its value in their mystery.

On the evening of the day Mrs. Lindquist came home from the hospital, the twins and Johnnie were in the kitchen, washing up the supper dishes—and, naturally enough, still on the subject of Blue Valley Farm.

"I'm wondering if old George will hold his tongue," Johnnie had just said thoughtfully. "Anyhow, even if he does talk, I'm through with hiding."

Andy pulled him away from the window to whisper, "Somebody who looks a lot like George has been walking up and down out there in the street for several minutes. I wasn't sure at first."

Johnnie whirled and peered out cautiously from further back.

"There—is—someone," he said then,

slowly, "but it's hard to tell."

"Do you suppose he's trying to find out if you're still in Postbury, Johnnie?" Liss asked in a troubled voice.

"Looks like it—if that is George." Johnnie peered out again. "It's something like his build, but I can't see his face. Oh, he's going away now!"

"Maybe it was just somebody taking an evening walk," Andy began hopefully, and broke off as steps sounded on the brick walk leading to the porch.

A rather long silence followed. And then, sharply, a light, quick rap on the door.

"Oh—that bell's still out of order," Johnnie remembered. "I'll . . ."

Liss said, "I'll go, Johnnie. You wait out here."

"No, I'm going with you," he told her. "Thanks just the same, Liss. I'm tired of running and hiding. I never should have started it."

She walked out ahead of him into the hall, to open the front door rather slowly. Her hands felt icy on the metal knob, though the night was warm.

George Riley was standing on the mat, his face even redder and blander than she remembered it.

"Oh," Liss said, not too cordially, "it's you, George. Did you want to see someone?"

She did not invite him in, but he moved awkwardly past her to the doorway of the living room where Mrs. Lindquist sat knitting. "I came to see Johnnie," he said. "I—I guess I want to apologize. I told Mr. MacLeith I would. Mr. MacLeith says Johnnie didn't poison Blue Boy. And what he says is good enough for me."

Johnnie came forward looking almost as embarrassed as George; but his blue eyes were shining, and he held his blond head high. The two boys shook hands as if they were performing some ceremony required of them, but which made them equally uncomfortable.

"There—that's done," George declared briskly, his face brightening. "Mr. MacLeith said he'd meet me here at eight o'clock and it's eight now," he added, eyeing the clock on the mantel as if

he suspected it of being unreliable. "There's news I thought would interest Johnnie."

He sat down stiffly on the sofa beside Andy.

"News!" both twins cried. Liss moved over and sat down on his other side.

"Yeah," George nodded. "Mr. Otis died this morning. They say he never recovered consciousness."

All the thrills and suspense of a **CARNIVAL MYSTERY**

come to life in the new, fast-moving, four-part serial by Bercian that starts next month.

Who'd ever think that asking a famous foreign correspondent for his autograph would plunge a girl—and a boy—up to their necks in a thrilling mystery? With Red's help, Kay got the autograph—but she didn't know it was the passport to danger—to a startling discovery in Mr. Barlow's library; to what happened in a certain Ozon's tent at the Carnival; to that terrifying evening at the Mohawk Inn, when she didn't know what happened to Red, or what was going to happen to her! Oh, she asked for it—Kay loved mysteries—and you'll love this one, too!

Don't miss the first chapter
in the October issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

And that something Mr. Somers told him brought on his stroke. Of course I don't know." He looked down and stared in embarrassment at the floor.

"Folks are saying a lot of other things, too, up at the farm. Looks like all of us are goin' to lose our jobs 'most any day. There's been talk on the quiet for some time that Mr. Otis was pretty hard up. Well—looks like it was true. They're sayin' the farm and stables will have to be sold for the creditors." He frowned unhappily. "I'll hate to see the horses go."

Johnnie exclaimed, aghast, "Sold—Blue Valley Farm! Oh, no, George!"

"Fact," George muttered. "Everybody seems to know all about it, all at once. I went to see Mr. MacLeith this afternoon."

"And what did Mr. MacLeith say when he heard about it?"

"He didn't say anything, except that he'd be here tonight. So I said I'd come, too, and speak my piece. I made a darn fool of myself, Johnnie, but I didn't understand then."

"You thought what you were intended to think, lad," Mrs. Lindquist said gently. "Someone was clever—and evil."

And right on top of her words, there came a second knock at the front door.

"There's Mr. MacLeith," George said with relief.

This time it was Johnnie himself who went to the door, his head carried with a new confidence. His whole carriage said so plainly he was done with playing the coward, that suddenly there were tears in Mrs. Lindquist's eyes. Liss, watching her, was conscious of an odd stinging sensation around her own lids.

The caller was Ian, but he brought with him Dr. O'Brien and Rick.

"Hello, George. So you did come!" Ian said approvingly, nodding at his former assistant.

"Yeah, we've said our say, Johnnie and me," George assured him, beaming.

"George has just told us that Mr. Otis is dead," Mrs. Lindquist said.

Ian nodded. "I wouldn't feel too bad about that, ma'am," he told her bluntly. He took up his stand before the empty fireplace, as if he was warming himself from force of habit. "Maybe George has hunted—it seems to be common knowledge now," he went on. "that Mr. Otis was bankrupt before he died. His death will make the whole business public, of course. I guess it's better he died—hard as that may sound to say it when he did. I've been talking to his lawyers. Blue Valley Farm and the whole stable are going on the market next week."

He paused, and a pent-up sigh escaped Johnnie. He looked over at Rick's father, who nodded soberly.

"The other important bit of news—and probably you don't know this yet," Ian resumed his
(Continued on page 64)

NEW GIRL In SCHOOL

Sure you're scared
at first. But you can find it
exciting, once you start
filling that clean, new slate

By MARTHA ROSS

AS you step into the strange new halls mingling with all those new people, you wish you'd never been born. When you first thought about going to a new school, you found the idea pretty exciting. You stood across the street and viewed your future part-time home with great anticipation. And now the time has come and the bells are ringing, and you wonder what you were looking forward to. Even though you are walking along the corridor, you still feel as if you were on the outside looking in. You feel strictly unlucky.

We think you're strictly lucky. A lot of people ask for but few people are given a new chance, a fresh start. Not only that, but being a new girl in a school lends you a certain glamour; to your classmates you're the unknown quantity. You're a new and different face, and therefore an object of great interest. Who could ask for anything more?

But of course you may be too busy feeling sorry (Continued on page 86)



go steady

in CO-ED FASHIONS



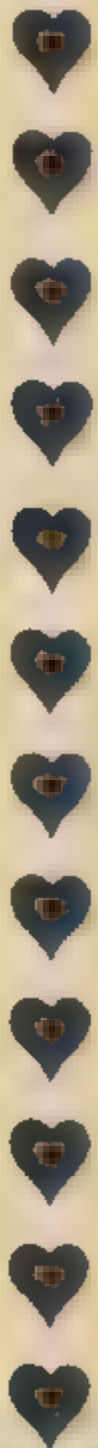
When you see the CALLING ALL GIRLS color movie, "Back-to-School Fashions of 1947" you'll swoon over our girl-meets-boy series of Co-ed Fashions, as pictured here. Just below, Taffy Barnes, who plays the part of B.G.O.C. (Big Girl on Campus) in the movie, wears a battle-jacket suit of black and buffalo plaid wool to match her O.A.O.'s shirt. It's by Zim teens and it's under \$20. See the CALLING ALL GIRLS color movie and the Screen Tested Co-ed Fashions in most of the Official Headquarters Stores listed on page 98, or write to us for where-to-buy and where-to-see information.





Here's the Co-Ed fashion line-up as it appears in the CALLING ALL GIRLS color movie, with Movie Contest winners and Westchester high-school boys. Contest winners left to right are: Mary Ellen Ellis of Baltimore, Virginia Nagy of Bridgeport, Hollis Burke of Washington, Louise Gallagher of Kenmore N. Y., Grace Spohn of Ferndale, Mich., and Esther Woodruff of Binghamton.

Storm coats, below, of Bates cotton, collared and lined in Timmer Tuft. By Oldin & Dennis, about \$30. Hugger caps with adjustable fur ear muffs. At bottom, boy-style corduroy coat by Jackson about \$14, and a V-neck, sleeveless sweater like his by Selecteens. Below, right, bat-wing shirts of Marvle Skyspun, a Brighton fabric, by Lory, Salt Lake City high-schooler.



let's make the FUR fly!



Fur Accessories

Slickest trick of the fall season. Teen-set's wool and rayon dress comes with a sten-

ciled lapin belt, about \$9 complete. Hat and bag set of fur fabric, by Peppy Miss, about \$4 per set.



Waist whittler of stenciled lapin, leather fastening, by Belt Modes.



Tiny lapel purse in bright suede and leopard, by Lapelle, about \$1.50

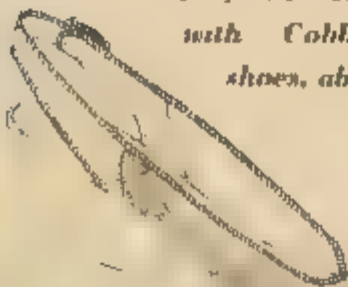


Mottled calfskin shoe with ruffled tongue and identification pin, by Joy-Teens, about \$7

Gray curly lamb on red leather. Perfect foil for gray flannels. By Lapelle. Under \$5



Brown and white or black and white calfskin and felt belt by Anso, about \$5. See it on the front cover with Cobblers calf shoes, about \$8.



Hang a spotted fur pouch on your belt, by Lapelle. pouch about \$2.



Fur Accessories at Official Headquarters stores, page 98, or write for where-to-buy information.

"Don't be that kind
of a Cover Girl, Judy!"



YOU SIMPLY CAN'T resist perfume
That added dash of fragrance
makes you feel so feminine. So sweet
and lovely

But, honey, you're only fooling your
self. For even the dreamiest of per-
fumes won't cover up underarm odor

Your bath washes away *past* perspi-
ration, but you still need protection
against risk of *future* underarm odor
And Mum's the word for that

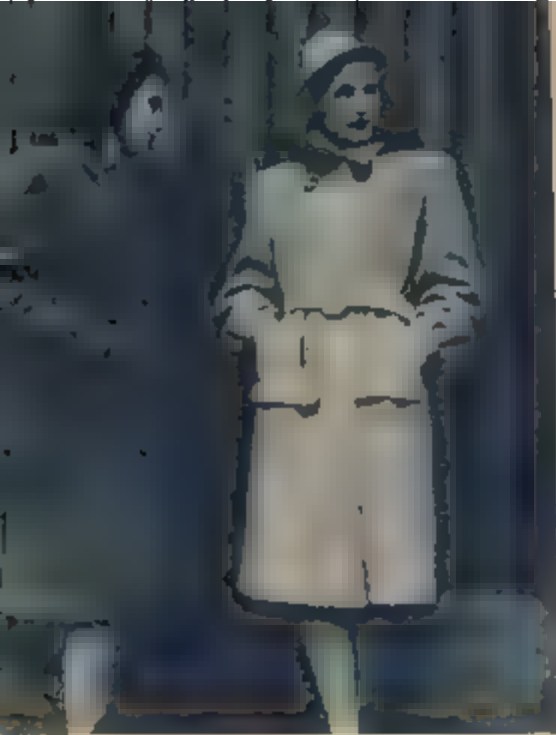
So take 30 seconds to smooth on
Mum every day, after every bath!
Creamy, snowy-white Mum keeps you
sweet—nice to be near all day or
evening

Mum won't irritate your skin or in-
jure the fabric of your clothes. Quick
safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after*
dressing. Won't dry out in the jar or
form irritating crystals. Get a jar of
Mum today



MUM HELPS TO MAKE A MISS A HIT

When writing to advertisers please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS



Look What's Happened to Your

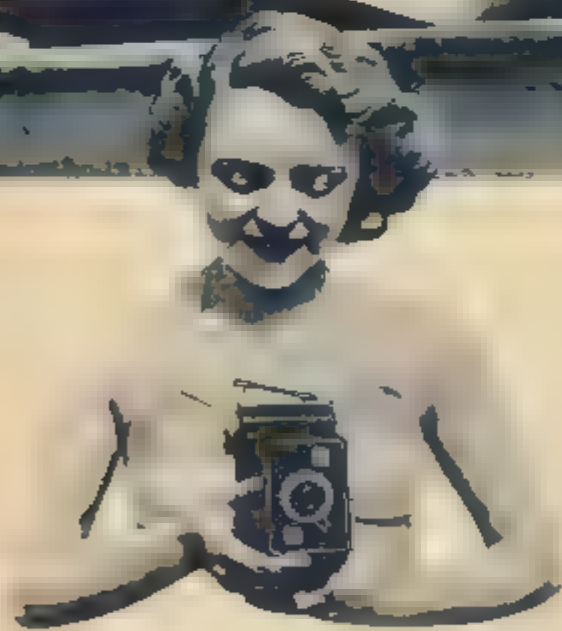
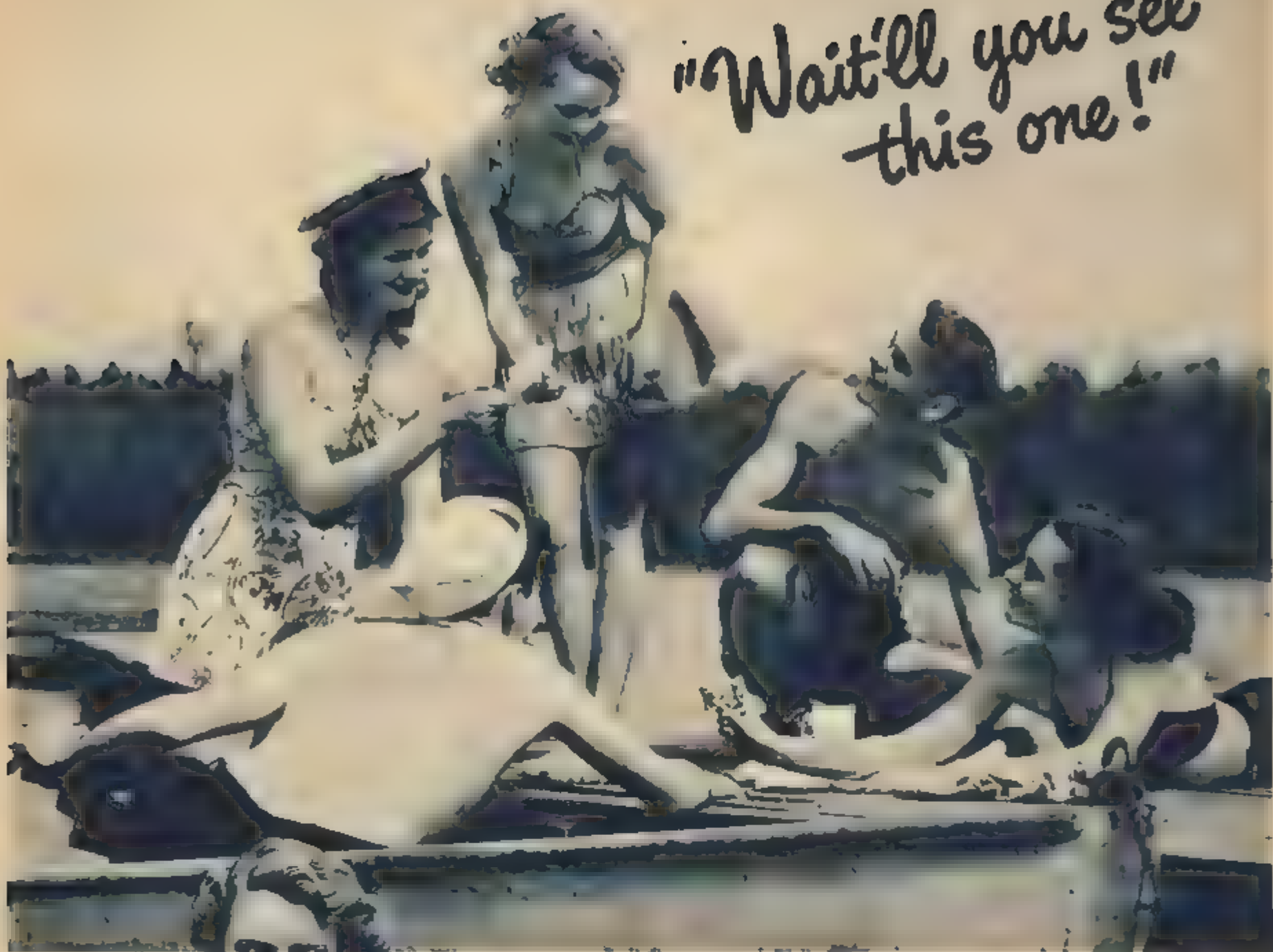
COAT!

QUITE a change from the classic boxy styles you've been wearing these many years! Left, top, Bambury Hi's suede cloth, about \$35. Vic-Teen roller. Right, Pocket-proud Kittens' Ear fleece with the new short sleeves, about \$35. Below, Navy officer's coat by Dan Snyder, about \$35. Medal-trimmed beret and bag by Peppy Miss. Wear Right string gloves. At most Official Headquarters Stores, page 98.

Photographed by William Ward at the New York studios of Films for Industry where some of the CASTING ART GIRLS movie was shot



"Wait'll you see
this one!"



Jiffy Kodak Six-20 series II

Smart to own—easy to use

The Jiffy is one of many fine cameras in the Kodak family. Simple to use, and easy to carry. Has reflector finder for pictures from waist level. Smartly styled case. Makes album-size snapshots. Supplies are now limited, but more are on the way. Keep in touch with your Kodak dealer.

Snapshots are fun to take . . . fun to show . . . even more fun to share

Your friends get a thrill out of seeing the pictures you take. Summer snapshots are fun to show and share. When winter comes, you'll have a full album to remind you of sunny days again.

And making pictures is so *easy*. All you do is center your subject in the view-finder—and "click." You find yourself getting swell snapshots right from the start when you use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—it does the rest . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box



Kodak

Let's Talk Things Over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

During the summer our church had a camp where I met the nicest boy I've ever known. We've been writing to each other regularly, and this fellow asked if he could come to see me and meet my mother.

I've told Mother all about him, except his age. He's seventeen and a half. Mother never has liked me to go around with anyone that much older than myself. Do you think he's too old for me? Of course it's nothing serious!—Peggy W., aged 15, California.

MANY girls seem to mature physically, as well as in their feelings and ideas, at a somewhat younger age than boys. Perhaps this helps to explain why so many girls are more interested in and attracted to older boys. The fact is that a young man of seventeen often seems just right for a girl of fifteen. Parents are sometimes fearful that their young daughters may get "older ideas" by associating with others than their own exact age group.

But every case is different and must be judged by itself. If a girl and a boy are trustworthy, if they have understanding parents and have acquired their own good standards, there is no reason why they should not enjoy and profit by one another's companionship whether they happen to have been born in the same year or a year or two apart. In some parts of our country, school authorities actually arrange for the young men in the first and second year college classes to have joint dances and parties with the high-school senior girl students for the very reason that slightly older boys and slightly younger girls seem to enjoy and have more in common with one another socially.

Peggy and her friend

should discuss their plans with her folks. She will surely have more fun if she feels she has done the right thing. Moreover, her friend will respect and like her all the more for it. He seems well-mannered, thoughtful, and considerate, and both he and Peggy realize that their attitude of wanting to become better friends and not be "serious" or "go steady" is natural and right.

I do all the housework on every holiday and every Saturday. My mother is a nurse and has to work on Saturday, and my father works in the morning. I get done with my work a little after lunchtime. My mother comes home at four o'clock so that gives me time to get cleaned up and the table set for dinner. When my mother gets home she continually sees and picks out the things I didn't do, but never notices the things I did do. I will be very thankful if you help me in this problem.—Ida A., aged 13, New York.

MRS. A. no doubt appreciates Ida's spirit and her work even though she does not say so in words. Some people do not express their feelings that way as much as others. They

may have other ways of showing how they feel. Just the same, words as well as other means of communication mean a lot. There just isn't anything like a word, a glance, a pat on the shoulder, or a big smile in recognition of the things that *did* get done.

Here are a few helpful hints for Ida. How about making a list of things to be done and starring the Very Important items? Then she could work out a time budget and figure out how long different jobs ought to take. Dusting, mopping, dishwashing, room-straightening, table-setting—each job could get checked off and the checks themselves would be a comfort and a reward for Ida, too. If the tasks to be performed are really too many—for strength and time, or both—Ida surely should talk this over with her mother, who would not want her to overdo things or miss out on time for fun with pals, a chance to relax, and time to attend to personal matters like caring for her hair, clothes, and so on.

Ida and her mother could tell one another about the work each does, plan how various home jobs should be taken care of, and each one will, of course, gladly offer to pinch-hit for the other on special occasions. Ida knows that a nurse's work is wearing—and terribly important. Perhaps she can also discuss with her mother the matter of how she feels about the question of "getting credit where credit is due." It may well be that her mother has not realized that she seemed unappreciative or unreasonable. Perhaps she only found fault because she was tired—not because she really believed Ida wasn't tops as a helper and a daughter. We get great satisfaction from knowing we have done our best; but it is also nice to have appreciation of our efforts from those we love.

Everything that my younger sister does that is wrong is blamed on me. My sister doesn't even hear about it. I don't like to tell on her but do you think I should if this keeps up?
—Fay B., aged 14, Pennsylvania.

OLDER sisters are often held responsible for things that really are not their fault. This often happens because parents think that the older child in the family is supposed to "have more sense" (Continued on page 76)



"Oh, Nancy—here's the three cents you loaned me for a stamp yesterday."

CALLING ALL GIRLS

Are you in the know?



Which make good scents for summer?

- ☐ Atomic aromas
- ☐ Fragile fragrances
- ☐ Swoon-perfumes

Bewitched by nose-bait? Lxnav on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find vummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, this deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep you



How to rate on a first date?

- ☐ Sling a sharp line
- ☐ Be a listening-post
- ☐ Learn his interests

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new square away! Learn his interests. Talk them over—and he'll soon be mighty interested in you. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself; an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety enter*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you pose... protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!



This fetching neckline's for you, if—

- ☐ You're the tomboy type
- ☐ You shun a suntan
- ☐ You watch your posture

Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hacker" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days, for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

- ☐ Pack junior off to bed
- ☐ Be a stand-in for his Mom
- ☐ Ask your gang over

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real interest in junior; be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time... and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears... choose Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX *
than all other sanitary napkins

JABBERWOCKY and JIVE

WELL," said the egg in the monastery, "out of the frying pan into the friar." Stuff like that there, only backwards, is THE thing these days. Ferinstance: Give me a pill, here comes a drink of water. Or, it's a wise pop that knows its own cork. Put that juke box down, mudder, you're too old to carry a tune. Listen to our jive instead.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

His voice was low and mellow,
His charm was quite the thing.
He said he'd call at six o'clock.
Why didn't that phone ring?

I couldn't eat my supper,
I hardly said a word

My heart went pitter-patter
When "buzz" I finally heard.

"Hi, chick, you're the one," said he,
"To keep me on my toes."
At last THE man had spoken
The words to end my woes.

"Er, you've heard about that dance
next week

"It means a lot to me,
"But I can't take Suzanne unless
"You help me pass geometry."

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

If you ask us what that button is
on the dashboard, we'll tell you
that's a choke, gal, a yoke, that is,

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION



"Dates, dances, phone calls, bids! When will it end? When
will they let me stay home and knit?"

CALLING ALL GIRLS

and we're not laying any eggs when
we tell 'em, either.

How much for these collars?
Two for twenty-five cents.
How much for one?
Fifteen cents
I'll take the other one.

It's a good thing they call me Bill.
Why?
That's my name.

What would you do if you were in
my shoes?
Polish them.

Whew! I just took a quiz.
Finish?
No, Spanish.

I wonder who that telegram is
from?
*Western Union. I recognize the
writing.*

AIN'T IT DA TRUTH?

Little cuts from classes,
Little cards marked late,
Make the senior wonder
If she'll graduate.

DAFFYNISHUNS

Clippers—Movie censor.
Big charge—Get a kick out of
something
Rowdy Pow—A lively party.
M.S.—Man snatcher.
H₂O—A boy who's strictly for the
birds.
Cleopatra—Gal with bangs.
Tubba tubba—Anyone who is on
the hefty side
Krej—You-know-what spelled
backwards.
N.M.A.T.—New man about town.
T.M.I.L.—The man I love.
Plasterpuss—Girl with too much
make-up.
Brains—An intelligent person.
Paint-happy—Someone who likes
the spotlight.

QUICK ANSWER DEPARTMENT

"You look good enough to eat,"
He whispered soft and low.
"I am," she answered hungrily,
"Where do you want to go?"

FANTASTIC, MY DEAR!

Something new has been added to
your favorite magazine. Take a look at
the cartoon on the left and you'll see
what we mean. Don't other Utterly
Fantastic Situations pop into your mind
—some maybe even more utter? Then
dream up a funny gag line and send it
in—if it clicks, our cartoonist will draw
the cartoon. We pay \$1 for each gag
we use. Send your gags to Jabberwocky
and Jive Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52
Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
All gags we buy become the property of
Calling All Girls. None of them can be
acknowledged or returned.

How a snapshot brought about wonderful developments!

Pam's invite had me drooling! "It'll be some week end," she scribbled,—"a wienie roast, Ginny's party, the Club Dance... I'm dying to see you!" And her brother Bud (a dreamboat) added this atomic line: "P.S. ME TOO!"



I thudded from my pink cloud, though, when I squinted in my closet. Despair! Such beat-up duds! And Dad still seething over my bills for last month's barest necessities!

"Paradise Lost," I gloomed, picking up the letter again. A snap of Pam fell out. Glamooooor in a smoooooth gabardine job! I read the back of it and my eyes popped out to there.



"Sharp outfit, n'est-ce pas? I made it! Uh huh. Took those marv Singer Teen-Age Sewing Lessons Fun! Sewing 'n styling 'n stuff. Made this while I was learning!" "Fate," I muttered, zooming out to the nearest Singer Sewing Center.



Brother, whatta week end! Me in the hubba-hubba numbers Singer taught me to whip up—sensayshunal!—Glad I'm Singer-smart now 'cause Bud's got my week ends planned practically up to 1950!



You can double your duds!

How? Simple arithmetic. — Make 'em for half the price! The Tee-Age Sewing Course will teach you heaps about cutting, sewing, patterns—all of which add up to a glamour wardrobe for you.—Get details from your Singer Sewing Center. (Listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company.)

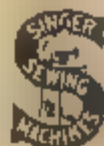
↑ The dress illustrated requires approximately 7½ yds. of 39-inch material for size 12.

The pattern number may be obtained from your local Singer Sewing Center.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS



WE herewith nominate stuffed eggs for the 1946 Medal for the Best All-Around Food. They're good, easy to fix, so plentiful you never feel they are snatched from the hands of the more needy, and so versatile they'll go to school in your lunch box, ornament a salad or a cold-cuts platter, or stuff your hungriest supper guest. Not the least of their virtues is that they will wait to do all this, wait patiently, after you've wrapped them in waxed paper, till their moment finally comes.

Once upon a time when people wanted to indicate that somebody was a dope in the kitchen, they'd say, "My dear, she can't even boil an egg!" Then a little more science sneaked into the kitchen, and those same critics found others saying about them, "My dear . . ." All the time those smug ones had been spoiling while boiling their eggs. The moral of this tale is that practically nothing is as easy as it looks.

You see, eggs are delicate. They respond to heat faster than almost

any food. So when you actually boil them, you overcook the whites, make them tougher than need be, and double the digestive job of the eventual eater of same.

Easy does it—and does it better. There are two approaches to hard-cooking eggs: lower the eggs into cold water to cover, bring almost to a boil, and simmer gently for fifteen minutes; or bring water to a boil, reduce the heat, ease in the eggs and leave them there for half an hour. This last one you can do in the top of the double boiler if you keep the water under it boiling briskly all the time.

They say that salt in the water while cooking—about a teaspoon to a quart—makes eggs easier to shell. In any case, the eggs should be plunged at once into cold water, which helps to keep the yolk from darkening, when you remove them from the pan.

And there you are with 4 hard-cooked eggs. What next? Shell and slice them in half lengthwise and take out the yolks. Now the fun begins. What you are adding at this point is flavor. Probably the simplest version we could call—

Elementary Stuffed Eggs

Put the yolks on a plate and mash them to a paste with salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of dry mustard, 1 teaspoon of vinegar, 1 tablespoon of grated cheese, and enough mayonnaise or cream to make a good consistency. Then fill the smooth cups left in the egg whites with this paste, rounding it up and topping it with paprika, a bit of chopped parsley or chopped olive for glamour.

Not exactly what you had in mind? You'd like something fancier? Then try these.

Intermediate Stuffed Eggs

You're back with the 4 hard-cooked eggs, shelled and sliced in half again. Once more take the yolks, mash them on a plate and mix into this 2 tablespoons of anchovy paste (with this you probably will not need any more salt), 2 tablespoons of chopped nut meats, 8 olives pitted and chopped, and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice. If the mixture still needs moistening, add mayonnaise or cream till you have a good consistency to eat, then refill the egg whites and decorate the tops. These are wonderful wolf-bait after the movies.

(Continued on page 75)

With the right consistency for the right mixture, all the Dishington twins need is a dash of paprika and a sprig of parsley to make these stuffed eggs look as pleasing as they taste. Roy Punney Photo

Stuffed eggs are the stuff, and you can make some mighty fancy fixings with these new and different recipes

By JANE RICHARDS

Food Editor

THE EGG

AND YOU

**JUNIOR
HOUSEKEEPING
DEPT.**





A *“click”* ON THE CAMPUS . . .

Stadium Girl

LIPSTICK

in Rare Orchid, an exciting shade becoming to your lips

It's bright . . . it's right . . . it's Rare Orchid. One of six smart Stadium Girl shades that stay on . . . and on . . . and on

Worn on the lovely lips of many popular girls, for daytime, date time, anytime. Let the soft warmth of Rare Orchid help enhance *your* attractiveness. Ask for it in Stadium Girl Lipstick at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax) in convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up containers. If your dealer can't supply you, order large size by coupon below.



Six of the season's most flattering shades:

Cherry Red (medium light) Tropic (medium dark)
Sunset Pink (medium) Ruby (dark)
Rare Orchid Burgundy (very dark)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Compacts . . . Stadium Girl Rouge.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

-----TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!-----

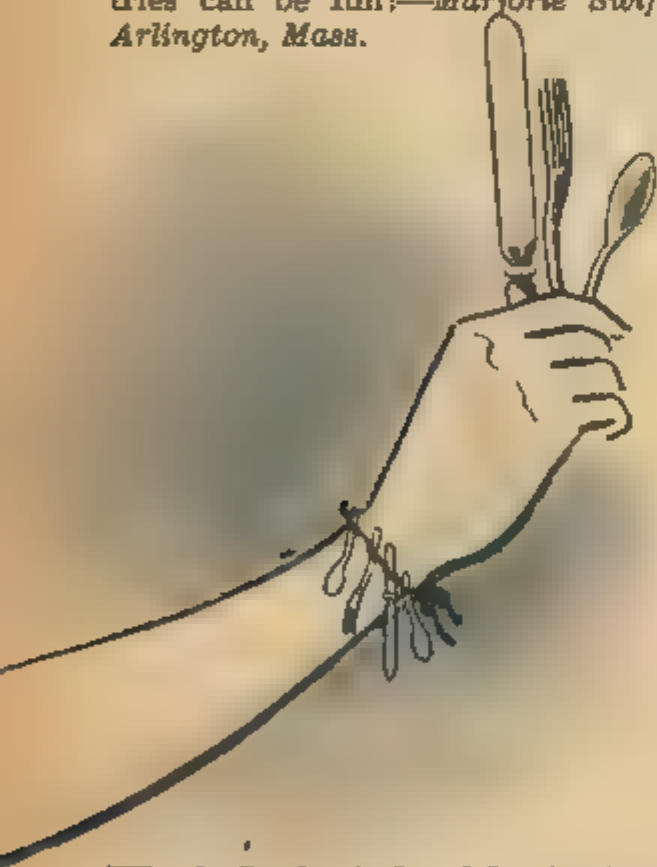
CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 796 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin		My choice of lipstick shade is:
NO COD'S PLEASE	I am enclosing \$5.00 (in Canada \$6.00), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a large size Stadium Girl lipstick. I have indicated my choice of shade at the right.	☐ Cherry Red (medium light) ☐ Sunset Pink (medium) ☐ Rare Orchid ☐ Tropic (medium dark) ☐ Ruby (dark) ☐ Burgundy (very dark)
	NAME _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____	



Clothesline-Up—

You can be a quick change artist if you get a traveling clothesline, the kind you buy in the five and ten or hardware store. Take it out of the holder and fasten it in place with small nails against one wall. Then you can clip pictures or other lightweight gadgets to it with brightly colored miniature clothespins. You can change your collection as you like without having to worry about marking up your walls.—*Lois Murphy, Albany, Ore.*

China Braid—Make like our good friends in China. Arrange your hair in one pigtail down the back of your head and tie it with a perky bow. Adopting the customs of other countries can be fun!—*Marjorie Swift, Arlington, Mass.*



What's Cookin', Good Lookin'?—That's what everyone will ask when you wear baby-size ten-cent store knives, forks, and spoons around your wrist. Ye goode olde black velvet ribbon again will do the trick to help you. Wrap the ribbon around the piece of cutlery once, knot, and continue to do the same with all the pieces, leaving about two inches between each one. Finally tied with a bow, you'll be on call to lend a hand in everybody's kitchen!—*Sue Wickham, Lee, Mass.*

TRICKS for TEENS



Right Good Hints—The cap won't get stuck on a bottle of nail polish if you smear a little cold cream around the neck before closing the bottle.—*Florence Farb, Knoxville, Tenn.* To insure against mix-ups and mis-mates when you dash for your stockings in the morning, sew a stitch or two in the heels of each pair with different colored thread. After that, you'll never match a blue thread-in-the-heel with orange or red, but you'll be able to find each pair instantly.—*Thelma Liederman, Newark, N. J.*

rolled up, painted clothespins gripping the cloth front and back of the leg will do the trick. Games or hikes, bicycling, or jest plain settin', the legs of your jeans won't fall down. You're truly a pin-up girl now!—*Barbara Barton, Saskatoon, Sask.*

Trouble Hangers—Divide your burdens by letting them hang from more than one pair of shoulders. All you have to do is cut out the head, neck, and shoulders from one of your pictures and paste it to a piece of cardboard. Then, while that is dry-

ing, take an ordinary coat hanger and turn the hook so that the curved part points to the back. Cover the hanger with any material that's handy, arranging it so that it folds closely around the bottom of the hook. When the picture has dried, attach it to the front of the hook with scotch or adhesive tape. Then, you can have your own rogue's gallery for sure.—*Donna Mae Owen, Kindred, N. Dak.*



Just-right Jeans—For the last word in hand-written identifications, sew your name down the front of one leg of your jeans with strong, gay yarn. There'll be no confusin' the gal inside 'em then, that is, for sure.—*Kay Goodfellow, Manlius, N. Y.* For jeans that won't stay

**\$1 will be paid for each
Trick for Teens published**

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address: Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

JOHN W. THOMAS & CO.

MINNEAPOLIS



JOHN W. THOMAS BRINGS YOU "LUCKY PENNIES"—a winsome plaid for the wee bit of Scotch in every lassie. Lovely as the highland fling with its shiny Chatelaine coin chain and white collar for contrast. Of soft wool and rayon. . . White ground with green or red predominating. Sizes 9 to 15. **\$17.95**

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When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS.**

THE MYSTERY AT BLUE VALLEY FARM

(Continued from page 48)

disclosures. "I didn't know it myself till late this afternoon—they've caught Tom Somers. They've had him down at the police station grilling him for several hours, and he finally came clean with the whole story. You see, Captain Murray took his fingerprints that day at the office—they were plentiful enough, on everything he'd touched. And a little investigation showed Somers was wanted in several states on some pretty serious charges."

"Among them," Rick put in eagerly, "was using Mr. Otis' credit with supply houses all through this state, and then selling the stuff to customers of his own. Ian says he used Blue Boy's death as a club over Mr. Otis' head to work a swell little game of blackmail on him."

Johnnie sat forward, his eyes blazing. "Rick—what are you saying?" he shouted. "Mr. Otis back of that job—Mr. Otis? His own horse that was making the Blue Valley stables famous? It doesn't make sense."

"It's hard to believe, Johnnie," Dr. O'Brien said reluctantly. "But unfortunately it seems to be true. Somers, faced with so many more serious charges, confessed the whole plot. Turns out he's been mixed up with dirty work for Otis before now. And this time, Henry Otis was foolish enough to give him some notes, in his own writing—that's what gave Somers the whip hand."

"And you mean," Johnnie asked, his face hardening, "Mr. Otis planned deliberately—to send me to the penitentiary for his own crime?"

Ian said soothingly. "Easy does it, lad. I don't honestly think he would have pushed the matter that far if it came to a real showdown. He didn't make any effort to find you, you know. No, it was enough if you stayed away, and the matter was dropped there."

"But—why?" Liss asked, unable to keep silent any longer. "What had Mr. Otis to gain by Blue Boy's death?"

"Seems, according to Somers, he wanted Blue Boy out of that race last year on two counts," Ian told them. "He was betting heavily on another horse—the one that did come in winner with the Boy out of the running. Mr. Otis made a killing on that race that kept the farm going all last winter. Also, from Somers'

story, they figured that if Blue Boy could be doped so he couldn't run—and if they strung along afterward, giving it out the Boy was sick—not likely ever to be track material again—he wouldn't have much market value when the stables were sold."

"I—see," Johnnie muttered, frowning. "Then the creditors wouldn't bother about Blue Boy, and Mr. Otis would still have a blue ribbon winner to slip into a big race suddenly, later on, with all the betting odds heavy against him. Some plan! I wonder what went wrong."

"Of course, he never meant Blue Boy to die," Dr. O'Brien said. "Somers insists he gave the stuff to Otis to administer, with full directions, and he bungled it. I'm not so sure Somers himself didn't mean it to work out this way. He seems to have a bitter grudge against his former confederate. He claims he had nothing to do with giving the actual dose. And now with Otis dead, we'll probably never know the truth."

Liss stood up suddenly with an exclamation. "Wait—maybe we will, after all," she said in an odd tone, and slipped out of the room.

She came back, running, and laid something slim and glittering on Ian's palm.

"I found this in Blue Boy's feed box—it had worked down into a crack," she explained. "Did you ever see anyone at the farm wear a

pin that looks anything like this?"

Ian let out a smothered oath, and his face darkened. "I'll say I have—Somers, of course," he roared. "Who else up there would wear a bull's-eye like it? Well—good for you, Liss. Here's our final proof, if we need anything more," he told the circle of attentive faces. "Somers never fed the horses, you see. He never went into their stalls. His job was the farm books, and the purchasing end. So if he did go into Blue Boy's stall, it wasn't on any legitimate business. Mr. Otis may have engineered the plan, but Somers killed the Boy."

"How could the pin have lain there all these months and nobody find it?" Rick marveled.

Ian shrugged. "Easy enough, if it had slipped into a crack, as Liss says. No other horse has used that stall since the Boy died."

He went over to Johnnie and held out his hand. "I don't know whether you care to shake hands," he said. "I *did* believe you were the one. You see—I found the empty bottle of the stuff they'd used on Blue Boy pushed down in the toe of one of your old work shoes in your locker. I never told anyone. Somers must have planted that, too, just as he hid the roll of bills in your closet."

"Oh, so that was why you were so ready to believe it," Johnnie half whispered, his face clouding for a moment. Then he shook the trainer's big hand, and his smile came to life again. "I guess I'd have believed it of you, Ian, if I'd had all that evidence they planted."

"Johnnie—I always knew it wasn't you," Liss said softly. "I'm so happy for you. Now we can forget it and spend the rest of the summer getting really acquainted and having fun."

"It'll seem pretty quiet after this excitement, I'm afraid," Johnnie warned her, but his smile for her was warm with gratitude. Postbury's a sleepy little burg."

Liss hooted derisively. "Quiet—Sleepy! And Andy and I haven't been here two weeks yet! I like your town, Johnnie." She gave him back a smile that included him in the sentiment. "It's a pretty special place, I'd say. Without a single dull moment, so far. Even New York," said Liss firmly, "hasn't anything on Postbury. Not one single thing."

THE END



"He's too bashful to speak—but he has the cutest whistle."

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MIDGE "Thanks to my MIGHTY MIDGET for that. And it holds my mad money, too—so watch out!"

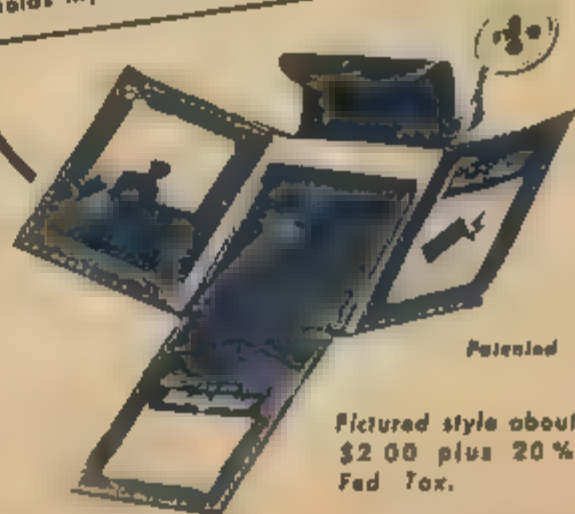
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REMEMBER last month we brought you pictures of the CALLING ALL GIRLS 1946 Movie Contest blanks being received by girls all over the country, and the rush there was to enter the contest?

Well, May 25th, 26th, and 27th of this year are the days that twenty-two teen-agers from twenty-two different cities will never forget as long as they live! Those twenty-two teen-agers were the local winners of the CALLING ALL GIRLS 1946 Movie Contest, conducted through CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs by their local Official Headquarters Stores. Those three days were the Big Week End in New York for the filming of the CALLING ALL GIRLS movie, "Back-To-School Fashions of 1946," and for a

CALLING ALL GIRLS CLUB NEWS

whirlwind of excitement that included a visit with famous model expert, Harry Conover (co-judge of the CALLING ALL GIRLS 1946 Movie Contest with fashion editor Nancy Pepper), radio interviews, fashion fittings, movie making at the New York studios of Films for Industry, and—swoon, swoon—a formal dinner dance atop the famous Hotel Astor!

Lucky, lucky twenty-two! But

lucky any gal who lives near enough to an Official Headquarters Store to become a member—or if she doesn't, to tune in on the CALLING ALL GIRLS radio show. Because it's not just once a year that the excitement runs high. Something's always bubbling in the fun-plus-fashion department.

Watch for the announcement of the showing of the movie by your local CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Store. (There's a list of them on page 98.) And if there's none near you, write to Linda Allen, National Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and give her the name of your favorite center for teen-age fashions. Maybe she can do something about it!



Handsome model expert, Harry Conover, signs autographs for the Movie Contest winners he helped Nancy Pepper select.



Contest winners visit Frances Ullmann, editor of *Calling All Girls*, and learn how their favorite magazine is put out.

Below—Alvino Rey signs autographs at the Hotel Astor.



Our Movie Contest winners discover that making a movie is hard (and sometimes hot) work. They're sweltering in winter coats under the torrid studio lights at Films for Industry.

Below—Imagine living to the "Cement Mixer," played by the Maestro, Alvino Rey, himself, on the roof of New York's famous Hotel Astor. Plus thirty-two smooth high-school boys to whirl them around! Aren't the boys strictly hubbs?



If you come from any of these cities, you'll recognize your local Movie Contest winners in some of the pictures on these pages. Here are the twenty-two lucky girls who spent the week end in New York.

Joan Asping	Oneonta N. Y.
Jean Barclay	Wheeling W. Va.
Debbie Baylinson	Ventnor City, N. J.
Holis Burke	Washington D. C.
Nancy Cunningham	Trenton N. J.
Mary Ellen Ellis	Baltimore Md.
Mary Patricia Flynn	Racine Ws.
Peggy Flynn	Hartford, Conn.
Louise Gallagher	Kenmare N. Y.
Arlene Mae Glazette	Augusta, Me.
Mazine Herman	Newark, N. J.
Jane Lehman	Cape Elizabeth, Me.
Beatrice Long	Portsmouth, Ohio
Virginia Nagy	Bridgeport, Conn.
Dolores Probilla	Williamsport, Pa.
Pat Shroeder	Ft. Madison, Iowa
Erlamon Shanaberger	Uniontown, Pa.
Grace Sjoholm	Ferndale, Mich.
Ruth Starke	Glenolden, Pa.
Jacqueline Subkis	New York, N. Y.
Jay Walker	Yonkers, N. Y.
Esther Woodruff	Binghamton, N. Y.



Bea Long (left) of Portsmouth, Ohio, discovers on visiting our radio show that *Calling All Girls'* own radio singer, Dick Brown, looks as smooth and swoon-some as he sounds. That's Jenny Jabberwocky with fashion editor Nancy Pepper at the other side of the mike.

Below—Contest Winners visit Conover's and meet cover teen Pat Hughes. Left to right, Grace Sjoholm, Ferndale, Mich.; Ruth Starke, Glenolden, Pa.; Pat Hughes; Debbie Baylinson, Ventnor City, N. J.; Jacqueline Subkis, New York.





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● Left—Before she cinched in her waistline with the corselet belt, our Sue looked like the little sketch at the top of the page. Now look at her. Jumper and belt are so easy to make, you'll want several of them in different colors. Wear them with blouses or sweaters, to suit the occasion. Simplicity Printed Pattern 1736, sizes 10 to 16, 20c.

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JUDY WING

(Continued from page 41)

Emmaline didn't though. When Judy went out to the hangars an hour later, she found Bob and three of the girls absorbedly building a little "nook" for Emmaline in one of the hangars used to house the new training planes. Judy watched them for a moment, then turned on her heel and went out to her plane. As she taxied down the runway and the plane soared up into the sky, Judy began to chuckle.

When she set her plane down at the Heddemeyer farm and made her way up to the house, she found the farmer just driving into the yard. He greeted her warmly. But when she told him she'd come because of Emmaline, he looked bewildered.

"Am I supposed to know the lady?"

"Oh, she's not a lady. She's a pig. One of yours," Judy said.

It didn't take long to get at the facts. Mr. Heddemeyer had given the pig to Skip Howard, reporter on the *Henderson Bugle*. That's all he knew about it. And that was all Judy needed.

She flew the distance to Henderson so fast it was little more than a matter of taking off at the farm and landing at the local airport. She marched into the *Bugle* office and swooped down on a tall young man with a blond crew cut and an ink-smudged nose, who dived under the desk when he saw her.

"You come out of there, Skip Howard!" Judy blazed. "Don't you dare hide from me!"

"But, angel—you look so—gorgeous when you're mad!" came the muffled answer.

"Skip, you idiot! Get out from under that desk and answer for your sins. What's the idea of parking a pig on my doorstep at five in the morning, ringing the bell, and running away?"

Skip pulled himself to his feet and perched on the edge of the desk.

"Look, angel. Be nice, can't you? It's part of a publicity stunt—a honey—that I dreamed up. Have you seen the morning *Bugle*?"

"No, Skip." Judy's voice was dangerously sweet. "I haven't. Show me."

Skip rubbed his hands, reached over to a neighboring desk for a copy of the *Bugle*, and spread it open before Judy's astounded eyes. On the front page was a picture of little Emmaline, ruffled bonnet, kimono, and all. The headline—not in the *Bugle's* biggest type, but almost—told all about the abandoned baby found on the doorstep of the famous flying school instructor, Judy Wing.

Judy exploded. What she said to Skip Howard shouldn't be said even to the *Bugle's* most hardened reporter. Skip's big ears turned a vivid pink, and he was at a loss for any words except "Aw, Judy—aw, Judy,

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be nice! It's not as bad as you think."

When Judy had finished, Skip took a deep breath and began, "But you didn't read the story. If you'd read the story, you'd want to help put this over in a big way. You *do* want those poor kids in other countries to eat, don't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Judy demanded.

"Well, it's like this. We've got to keep the people stirred up about the desperate need for food overseas. Now, take Emmaline, for instance. By the way, I named her myself. Pretty, isn't it? Well, Emmaline's a symbol of our riches and plenty. She's also a darned good prize somebody's going to win on the last day of the County Fair at the big Fight Famine Rally. Now, we build this food business up with a new story every day—interview with Judy Wing picture of Judy and Emmaline, the prize porker—all sorts of stuff. And then on the big day, we'll

pack that grandstand—proceeds to go to buying food for starving countries. See? And then when you fly over the grandstand in the big finale and drop little Emmaline from the plane—oh, she'll have her own parachute, you know . . ."

"Skip," said Judy gently, "do you feel all right?"

"I feel fine!" Skip assured her. "Look, it's a natural, Judy! All the papers will pick it up—you and little Emmaline—every day we'll run a new story, a new picture—we can't flop!"

"Can't we?" asked Judy. "But suppose I won't do it? What then?"

Skip looked like a small boy who'd just had his lollipop jerked away.

"Judy! Angel! You don't know what you're saying! Think of the cause!"

"I'm just as concerned over feeding the starving as you are, Skip," Judy said. "But I will not be made a laughingstock. I will not have the

school made a laughingstock. And if there's anything I hate worse than stupid publicity, it's stupid newspapermen who use my name without permission, use the school's name without permission, and—I'm going to see a lawyer!"

By the time she'd walked the block or two to the lawyer's office, Judy had cooled off somewhat. She didn't go in, but lingered on the sidewalk, looking in the shop windows. At the super-market she stopped and studied the colorful fruits and vegetables, and canned goods, and boxes of food in the window. Skip was right. Goodness knew she wanted to see the starving peoples share our abundance, but she couldn't face the kind of thing Skip would put in the paper. Judy Wing—the "Pig Mother." She'd never live it down.

Judy winced as she glanced into the window of the adjoining meat market. There perched a pink and porky life-size image of Emmaline

Time out for Coke



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—or Emmaline as she would look in a few weeks. Made of plaster, probably, but a good likeness. "Pigs," thought Judy wrathfully. She never wanted to see another one. Well, she definitely would have nothing to do with the affair. Let Skip get out of it as best he could.

But when Judy told the story to her boss, Mr. Barker, she found him not so much outraged as amused. The school could stand the publicity, he told her. The cause was a fine one; it ought to be supported. But he wasn't in favor of Emmaline's doing a parachute jump. Too dangerous. "That's what I think," Judy said.

She sent Skip a note a day or two later.

"Even if I *were* crazy enough to do your flying stunt," she wrote, "—and mind you, I'm not saying I will—Emmaline is out. As her foster mother, I forbid it. She might get hurt. And she'd certainly be scared to death. And if you print one hammy word about me in your abominable paper, I'll sue you, my sweet."

Meanwhile, Emmaline waxed fat and rosy, and was the pride of the flying school. Judy could always be sure of finding her pupils in off hours hanging over Emmaline's sty, coaxing her with tidbits. Judy wouldn't let herself become one of Emmaline's fans. But she never mentioned returning the pig to Mr. Heddemeyer.

She knew that Skip's publicity campaign in the *Bugle* limped pretty badly. One morning, there wasn't any story at all. That day Judy called Skip and told him crisply that she would fly, but that was all. She would not be interviewed, she would not be photographed.

Then she went out to the hangars and talked to Bob. Bob looked perplexed at first, scratched his ear, and then began to grin.

"Might work," he agreed. "Guess you'd better practice first with a sandbag attached to the parachute. You'll need to be pretty accurate."

That week Judy began her practice flights over the still-deserted fair grounds. The first few tries, the parachute wasn't right, or Judy didn't release it properly, or she flew too high, and the sandbag landed way out of bounds. Bob shopped around for a small-size parachute, just the right size to carry Emmaline's weight. When Judy became so accurate in releasing the parachute that it landed square in the center of the race track, where the Fight Famine show was to be held, both Bob and she were elated.

One night about a week before the Fair was to open, Judy woke from sound sleep with a feeling that something was wrong. She sat up suddenly and sniffed. Smoke! Something burning. She reached for her robe, slipped her feet into her blue mules and padded to the window. It certainly *was* smoke—and coming from the direction of the hangars.

Judy raced for the phone and rang Bob. Then she threw on slacks and

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jacket and rushed out to the hangars. Smoke was pouring from the hangar in which the new planes were housed. There was no blaze, only smoke. Judy struggled to get the doors open, and just then Bob and the other mechanics rushed up.

"I turned in the alarm," Bob panted. "We'll have to get these planes out. Grab an extinguisher, somebody—stand out of the way, Judy!"

When the doors were opened, the smoke poured out in such volume that Judy and the men fell back, coughing and blinking. Bob threw his jacket over his head and plunged in, and Judy, her head down and her arm over her eyes, followed.

She could hear the men shouting, hear the crackle of fire somewhere beyond the thick smoke. She put out a hand cautiously and touched the cold wing of a plane.

"Judy! Where are you?" somebody shouted. "Come out of there! We'll roll the planes out, you take them off to the other end of the field."

Judy staggered out again, gasping. A crowd was gathering now—Mr. Barker, most of the staff, and some of the students. Someone dragged a water hose over, every extinguisher the school owned was put to work, and everyone shouted and dashed around trying to be helpful. Just as the first flames leaped through the roof, the boys rolled one of the planes out, and Judy, wiping her smarting eyes, clambered into the cockpit and

taxied the plane off to a safe distance from the fire.

The flames were leaping toward the sky when the fire department came. Trailing the hook-and-ladder truck were dozens of cars from town, among them Skip Howard's.

"Everything under control?" he asked happily, dodging out of the way of a helmeted fireman who was dragging a hose up a ladder.

"It's not too bad now," Judy said. "There'll be some damage to the roof, but the new planes are safe. Just so the other hangars don't catch fire, too."

"Any idea what caused it?" Skip had his camera out, angling it for

the best possible view of the scene.

"Might have been faulty wiring—or a match dropped in . . ." Judy broke off. "Emmaline!" she screamed. "She's in there!"

And before Skip could stop her, Judy had dashed through the crowd and vanished into the hangar.

She came out a moment later, tears streaming down her grimy face, Emmaline cradled in her arms. And walked straight into Skip and an exploding flash bulb.

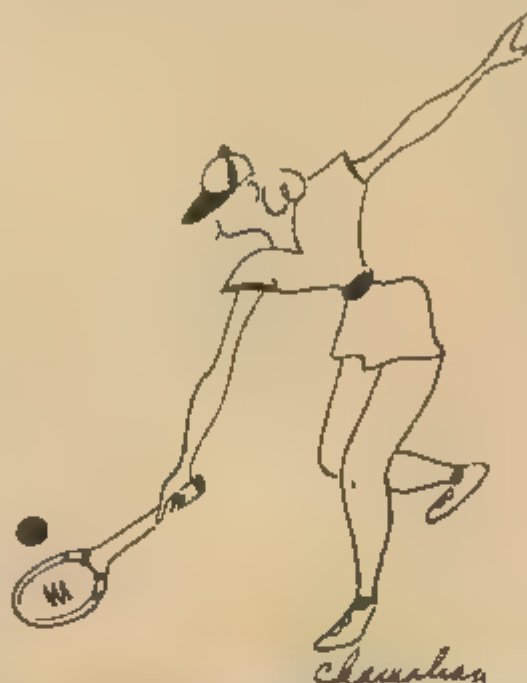
But Judy didn't notice Skip or his camera. "Oh, the poor baby!" she cried. "She was huddled under the straw, scared to death and choking!"

"And you, angel," said Skip, "have just given me the picture I never dreamed could happen. In this little black box is something that will make you and me famous, and will pack the grandstand next Saturday."

He waited for the storm to break. But all Judy said was, "Just think, Skip. Now you'll be able to write that caption I know you've been dying to do, about 'Pig Mother Rescues Roasting Porker from Blazing Hangar.'"

"Aw, Judy," said Skip. "I like you."

But even Skip had a heart when it came to headlines, and though Judy and Emmaline decorated practically every paper in the days that followed, Judy didn't suffer too much. Skip was in seventh heaven, and the ticket sales to the Fight Famine Rally sky-rocketed incredibly.



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The big day was perfect for flying, and Judy was up early conferring with Bob. "Is the crate ready? Emmaline has to be delivered to the Bugle office before Skip gets there, remember."

"You'll break his heart," Bob said, grinning.

"Not Skip's," Judy retorted. "Here's the note that goes on the crate."

Bob grunted as he read it: "A star always uses a stand-in for stunt flying, Skip. Emmaline shall have hers. Take her to the Fair, keep her out of sight, and no one will ever know the difference."

"You should have signed it 'Unhappy Mother,'" Bob suggested. "Okay, I'll see that he gets it. Do him good to sweat a bit."

There had never been such a crowd as jammed the grandstand that afternoon. And they weren't disappointed. Skip and the committee had rounded up all sorts of spectacular events, the climax of which was to be Judy's stunt. Judy chuckled as she climbed into the cockpit at five o'clock. Beside her in the seat was a bulky package. Bob helped her open it. It held a small parachute and—the plaster replica of little Emmaline, pink and saucy as when Judy had seen it in the butcher's window.

"The spit 'n' image," said Bob. "Here, I'll fasten the 'chute. You tend to your flying."

"You're sure this pig's exactly the weight of the sandbag?" Judy asked anxiously.

"To the ounce! And here's hoping the sand doesn't leak out of it on the way down. All right, let's go!"

Judy looked at her watch. "Right on the nose!" she said. And as she took off into the blue and circled the Fair several times before she went into her acrobatics, Judy warned Bob, "Be sure we're over the middle of the race track before you drop the pig. I'll give you the signal."

"Right!" said Bob.

Judy waited until she was sure she had the crowd's attention, and then went into her act. Below her she could see the gaily decorated bandstand in the center of the track. That's where Skip was, and little Emmaline. Now to drop the stand-in smack into Skip's arms if possible, and let him switch pigs without the crowd being the wiser.

"Hey!" Bob shouted when she had executed a number of loops, a slow roll or two, and was easing the stick back to begin an Immelmann. "You don't have to give 'em thrills—just throw 'em the pig!"

"Just this one first," said Judy, as the nose of the plane swung upward. She pushed the stick forward and with the throttle wide open, the plane looped gently over on its back.

"Yipes!" yelled Bob. "Judy! The pig! It fell out!"

"Oh, no!" Only her perfect training kept Judy from plunging into a dive. She kept her head, applied left rudder,

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der, then right rudder, and finished the roll with precision. Then she looked down. The parachute was open, filling out, and Emmaline's plaster stand-in was sailing earthward steadily—aiming straight for the stage in the center of the race track!

An hour or two later a wilted Skip bearing an armful of equally wilted chrysanthemums appeared at the flying school.

"For me?" cried Judy, when he piled the flowers in her arms. "Oh, Skip, you shouldn't!"

"I didn't," said Skip. "They took a blue ribbon at the Fair, but the winner didn't want to be bothered with 'em. So you can have 'em." He collapsed into a chair and mopped his face. "What a day! You had me talking to myself—but I should have known you wouldn't let me down. You were perfect, angel. Trust you to drop that pig in the exact spot at the exact moment. I did some tall scrambling and got the plaster porker out of sight and Emmaline into the open before the crowd went mad and stormed the bandstand. Even the committee was fooled."

"Fooled about what, Skip?" Judy asked innocently.

"Uh—about Emmaline, of course. That she wasn't actually jumping."

"Oh," said Judy. "Then the stunt went off all right?"

"Terrific! We raised thousands for the food fund, Emmaline got a swell new home..."

"And nobody knows but Bob and me," said Judy, mischievously.

"And me," said Skip.

Judy smiled, and looked down at the chrysanthemums in her lap. "I'd better put these in water," she said.



THE EGG AND YOU

(Continued from page 60)

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Cook as before. Shell and cut in half crosswise instead of lengthwise. Remove the yolks to a plate and squash and mix them with a small jar of red caviar—prettier and much less expensive than the black. Cut a neat red star out of a piece of pimiento—or you can make it a diamond or a half-moon, or some other simple cut-out. Now dissolve 1 tablespoon of gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cold water. Stir into it $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of hot beef bouillon with a dash of Worcestershire and 2 tablespoons of lemon juice for seasoning. Let this mixture stand and cool till it shows signs of thickening. Meantime put a muffin pan in the icebox. Yep, sounds crazy, but you want it cold. You can set your bowl of gelatin and broth in there, too, to cool faster. Now for the works!

When cool, dip a tablespoonful or two of the thickening broth into each muffin mold in the pan, and tip the pan till the sides as well as the bottom of each depression are coated with gelatin mix. Put muffin pan back in the icebox till set. Then dip the pimiento decorations in the gelatin stuff and set one neatly in the center of each bottom. They, too, will stick. Place over each $\frac{1}{2}$ of a stuffed egg, cut side down, and pour gelatin mix around this till the heel of the egg is covered. Set the pan in the icebox and be sure the liquid is level while it chills—otherwise your handsome fancy eggs will lean like Danny Kaye. When ready to serve, unmold by setting each section, one at a time, over a serving plate and covering its bottom and sides with a cloth wrung out of hot water. This will soften the gelatin where it touches the pan and release it onto the plate. Garnish with a couple of lettuce leaves and dollops of mayonnaise, if there is any.

That's right, they look too pretty to eat, but don't let that worry you. No amount of art appreciation—nor your subtle hints about a yummy dessert to follow—will keep your guests from gobbling with relish, and then coming back for more! And that's a sure sign that success has really crowned your efforts.

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LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 56)

and "simply should know better." There is some truth in these ideas. But there are times when mothers and fathers stress too heavily this business of expecting an all-wise, all-perfect sister to cater everlastingly to a "baby sister" in the house! It should be fun being the elder, but there can be many pain-in-the-neck moments.

Naturally, Fay does not want to tell on her little sister. But it is not fair to either of them for Fay to take the blame unjustly. Because she is older, Fay can be expected to have more self-control and better judgment; but younger children must learn to bear the consequences of their own actions. They must be helped to realize why certain things cannot be done or said.

Fay could tell her mother, perhaps some afternoon when they are alone or are preparing supper together, that she wants help, for all their sakes. Without getting angry, excited, or annoyed, she can try calmly to ask her mother's cooperation and advice in working out this entire family problem. She can find out where she is at fault and how her sister is at fault. Possibly Fay may be expecting too much of her sister, and her folks may be expecting too little. Extremes are never good. It is desirable for each of us to measure

up to our own best, no matter at what age.

Fay and her little sister should be having fun with each other. How about some thought and attention, Big Sister, to the matter of planning some good times together? You could play with her now and then! When there is some affectionate understanding, the most irritated feelings disappear quickly.

There is a certain boy I like an awful lot. He gets very angry with me when he sees me talking to another boy in school. He is very jealous. What shall I do?—Florence B., aged 15, Michigan.

SURELY no boy is justified in expecting a girl to stop talking to all other males! No wonder Florence objects. But she will undoubtedly agree that it is exciting for a girl to know a devoted boy-friend is so possessive! That's something few girls since Eve could honestly deny. Don't some girls actually try to make their friends jealous now and then? There is something bitter-sweet about it which we might as well admit, but we should not permit ourselves this sort of teasing once we're on to ourselves.

Florence is dead right in wanting her friend to get over the foolish idea

that she can't be friendly with others; he should be friendly with others, too. These two surely don't want the kind of friendship that gets spoiled so often by hurt feelings, angry words, or bitter moods. Does he get angry at others often? Also, how serious are his quarrels with Florence? Is she noticing his every mood too much instead of laughing things off now and then? Has she thought of talking things over frankly, so that there can be less fuss and more fun? This sort of thing takes working on—by both of them. Each partner should want the other to be happy, well-liked, and nice enough for other friends to enjoy.

In fact, whole groups of friends often find it's fun to be all-for-all. There's no time like the present for promoting group projects like picnics, bike trips, hikes, or what-have-you. Spreading himself socially and looking the field over a little more should do Florence's friend good. Perhaps he needs to find out that he's the kind of guy who can be attractive, who can succeed, who can put his ideas across well. Florence can think of ways to help him win greater confidence in himself, in case he thinks he can't stand a bit of competition without collapsing. She can assure him she need not like him less because she likes others, too.

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THERE is surely no "section" so "poor" that we can find no worthy human beings there. But of course all neighborhoods in all our cities and towns should be good—for example, with respect to health, housing, safety, play space, and good human relations. When it comes to the houses we live in, cleanliness, comfort, and good taste are certainly to be worked for; but, above all, the spirit's the thing—the kind of people we live with matters most of all.

In order to make for good fellowship, Connie's home need not be as luxurious as the houses of her friends. In our American democracy we try to judge people for themselves. If we want to offer hospitality to certain people we do so, knowing that to real friends it will mean little if our furniture is a bit rickety, or the carpets are worn.

It is not always easy for girls to remember this. And it is somewhat embarrassing and uncomfortable if one cannot entertain one's guests as nicely as one would like to do. But if our invitation is cordial and our welcome warm, the "trimmings" seem very unimportant.

Naturally, Connie will be glad when her house is completely redecorated or renovated in other ways. Meanwhile, she could help with plans and preparations. Perhaps she can help by making curtains or bookshelves or working on new furniture arrangements, or do other things that will make for greater beauty or convenience. Someday she may live in a neighborhood more to her liking. But no matter where she lives, there can be many pretty wonderful things to share—things which have nothing to do with physical surroundings, but everything to do with spirit.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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to the sweet.'"

CALLING ALL GIRLS



"I was hoping you'd ask me to go to the dance
—who's calling, please?"

ASSIGNMENT FOR TOMORROW

(Continued from page 25)

voice, as if they were all old friends. "Tell me, please, the girl in the red sweater in the first row—what is your name?"

"Myra Hartman," said the girl.

"What is your assignment for today, Myra?"

"We had to write a theme on 'My Most Exciting Experience,'" said Myra.

"Thank you," Mrs. Lloyd looked thoughtful for a second and then she said, "I think I'll ask some of you to read your themes before the class and then we can all discuss them." Her gaze went over the class and settled on Phyllis, who suddenly felt cold inside. "What is your name, please?"

Phyllis got red, murmured, "Phyllis Mitchell."

"Phyllis, we'll start with you. Will you please read your theme for us?"

With the color hot in her cheeks, Phyllis said faintly, "I—I haven't written a theme, Mrs. Lloyd. I—I tried to, but I couldn't."

Mrs. Lloyd looked at her steadily. "Why couldn't you, Phyllis?"

"I—I don't know. Nothing would come."

"Didn't you like the topic?"

"No. Oh, it's all right, I guess. But I can't write themes on topics. I mean—oh, I don't know what I mean." She sat down in confusion, disgusted with herself for having started out on the wrong foot with the new teacher.

"Perhaps I know what you mean, Phyllis," said Mrs. Lloyd quietly, as if she and Phyllis were having a private conversation. "Some people can't write unless they're given a topic or subject. Others, and you may be one of them, can't write unless they're allowed to choose their own subject—something they feel deeply about."

Mrs. Lloyd's eyes shone, her soft voice held the class. She talked about writing, about adjectives, about verbs, vigorous, forceful verbs that brought action to a sentence. She spoke of imagery, metaphors, the use of the imagination. Phyllis found herself listening intently to every word the teacher said. Not once did she stare out the window or slump in her seat.

"Now, Phyllis, write a theme for me on any subject you choose. Make it short, but try to make it important—something that interests you a great deal." She gave Phyllis a quick, eager, warm smile, and for the first time Phyllis felt that she was as important as the smartest girl in the class.

She went home that afternoon, took out her English notebook and a sharp pencil, and stared out the window. The sky was clear and cloudless, and as she looked up at it, Phyllis felt how vast it was, how it

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went on and on above the world, beyond sight. With an odd feeling of excitement, she began to write. She had never before done any homework with quite the same feeling—a feeling of not just getting an assignment done, but of doing something that had to do with herself, her own thoughts.

While she'd been writing it, the theme had seemed good; but reading it over, she knew she hadn't got down all the things she'd felt, that she'd expressed herself awkwardly, that she'd not found the right words. She crumpled up that page and started on a fresh one.

"Don't tell me you're actually getting your homework done without being hounded by Mother!" cried Isobel, looking over her shoulder.

Phyllis covered her work with her hand and frowned at Isobel. "So what? How about leaving me alone, smarty? I'm trying to write a theme."

"Oh, pardon me, genius. But the shock is too much for me," teased her sister, going out and shutting the door.

Phyllis went up to Mrs. Lloyd's desk the next day before taking her seat. "I wrote a theme," she said shyly. "It isn't very good, but I tried to do what you said. I tried to write about something I felt. Only I couldn't find the right words."

Mrs. Lloyd looked at her with quick interest. "Nobody writes a

masterpiece the first time, Phyllis. The important thing is that you tried. Just keep trying." Mrs. Lloyd laughed. "Who knows? Maybe next time you'll produce a gem!"

The theme came back with a B and penciled criticism in a small, irregular hand. "This is honest writing, but the construction is awkward. The way to overcome that is to work harder at your grammar. You have an original way of looking at things."

"Imagine me getting a B!" cried Phyllis, waving the theme under her mother's nose. "And she says I'm original! Gosh, maybe I'm not so dumb, after all."

Her mother flushed. "Why, who ever said you were dumb, dear? I've always told you that if you'd just apply yourself . . ."

Perhaps it was the B, or perhaps it was Mrs. Lloyd's way of making even grammar seem interesting, but Phyllis suddenly discovered she liked doing her schoolwork. She was finding out things for herself. One day when she was studying grammar, she suddenly realized what it was for—grammar was just a tool that you had to learn how to use, and once you'd mastered it, you didn't have to think about it any more. She began to read her English lit. books with a new interest, because Mrs. Lloyd seemed to think they were so wonderful.

Along about the middle of the semester, Mrs. Lloyd announced that

the Women's Club was sponsoring a contest for all the high schools in the county. The best essay on any subject would win \$25 and a visit to the state capital.

On the way out of class Mrs. Lloyd spoke to Phyllis. "You're going to submit an essay for the contest, aren't you, Phyllis? It's fun to try for a goal, whether you win or not."

Phyllis went home, fired by enthusiasm. Her teacher had singled her out, had especially asked her to try for the contest. The only catch was, she didn't know what to write about. For days she went around in a fog, mulling over ideas. At last, only three days before the contest closed, she buckled down to write her essay. The subject she chose was "Life."

She closeted herself in her room and wrote like mad, filled up pages, tore them up, started over again. Isobel and Tony went around with fingers at lips, kidding her. Tony printed a sign and hung it on her door. "Quiet! Genius at Work!"

She turned in her essay the last day of the contest, with a funny feeling in her stomach. She tried not to let herself think she might win, but in the days while they waited to hear the results, she kept imagining how it would feel if Mrs. Lloyd should announce that she'd won. It would be the most thrilling thing that could happen, and it would make her family sit up and take notice.



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Two weeks later, Mrs. Lloyd said that the winners had been announced. Phyllis sat up very straight and pretended to be interested in the picture above the blackboard. The teacher read off the names from an official-looking typed-sheet.

Someone in the next town had won first prize. "However," went on Mrs. Lloyd, smiling at the class, "I'm very pleased to announce that two of my pupils were given honorable mention." Phyllis couldn't look at her. Even if she hadn't won first prize, it would be something to get honorable mention. Her throat was dry and her heart pounding. "Myra Hartman and Robert Meyers, your essays were given honorable mention, and you'll receive a certificate of merit. Congratulations."

The class applauded and Phyllis clapped automatically, but she felt empty inside. She'd tried so hard and—accomplished nothing.

As she started to leave after class, Mrs. Lloyd said to her, "I'm sorry you didn't win Phyllis. There were some fine things in your essay, but I guess your subject was too much for you. Next time stick to something simpler." Mrs. Lloyd smiled encouragingly, and in spite of her gloom, Phyllis smiled back. Her heart inexplicably lifted. O. K., so she hadn't won anything. Mrs. Lloyd thought there were some good things in her essay. At least she had tried, and she could keep on trying. That was the important thing, wasn't it? Besides, she'd had fun writing it.

One Saturday afternoon, Phyllis had come back from a hike with the gang. She left the others at State Street, but instead of going home, she cut across the lots and climbed Chestnut Hill. It was her favorite spot, a place where she always went when she wanted to be alone.

When she reached the top of the hill she saw someone standing there, gazing down into the valley. It was Mrs. Lloyd in a rough tweed skirt and jacket. Her hair looked wind-blown and her cheeks were red.

She turned suddenly and saw the girl. "Hello, Phyllis," she said, her face brightening.

"Hello, Mrs. Lloyd." Phyllis felt shy, both because she had intruded upon the woman's solitude and because this was her own special spot.

"Isn't it lovely here at this time of day, with the sun gone and night coming on?" Mrs. Lloyd smiled at Phyllis as if she knew she'd understand.

"Yes. I love this hill. It's—my favorite place."

"Is it?" The woman drew a deep breath. "It's mine, too. I like to come here and look at the sky and down at the town—everything seems to come out right in my mind. There's such a feeling of peace up here."

So many times when things had been confused and unhappy for her Phyllis had climbed the hill and felt that same way—but she didn't know

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anyone else had ever felt like that.

"Look at the sky now..." Mrs. Lloyd made a gesture toward the palely gleaming west.

"It's so soft, isn't it? And there's one star out," said Phyllis softly. It was amazing how easy it was to talk to Mrs. Lloyd, easier than to her friends.

The teacher tilted her head and her eyes had a faraway look in them.

"When I see a sky like that I always think of that 'bright particular star' Shakespeare writes about."

"You like poetry, don't you?" asked Phyllis

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Lloyd's voice was warm. "Poetry makes so many things in life more wonderful. It says so much that we feel and can't say." Mrs. Lloyd sat down near Phyllis, and they looked down at the town where lights were beginning to go on, and talked. Phyllis told her about being the dumb one in the family, and Mrs. Lloyd laughed and said she'd been that in her family, too. "One was a musician, one was a painter, and my older sister was beautiful, so of course, that was all she had to do. They thought it was very funny when I wanted to teach school."

"I'm glad you did," said Phyllis sincerely. "If it hadn't been for you—gee, Mrs. Lloyd, I'd have quit school and got a job. You've made me want to find out about things—and really work."

"Have I really, Phyllis?" The teacher's face brightened, and she gave the girl a sudden, intent look. "I'm glad."

"Of course, there's lots to school that's dull and hard to understand," sighed Phyllis.

"It's only dull if you let it be. But don't let it be, Phyllis! Reach out—open your mind. Look how far we can see from this hilltop—so much farther than from the valley below. That's how it is to learn and to understand." She got up, lifted her face to the darkening sky. In a low voice, half to Phyllis, half to herself, she said:

"Measure me, sky;
Tell me I reach by a song
Nearer the stars;
I have been little so long.

"Weigh me, high wind:
What will your wild scales
record?
Profit of pain,
Joy by the weight of a word.

"Horizon, reach out,
Catch at my hands, stretch
me taut,
Rim of the world!
Widen my eyes by a thought."

Before school was out for summer vacation, Phyllis had her grades. English was A, Latin, C plus; math, a C; history, B minus. Her parents

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were as excited over her report card as over Isobel's and Tony's straight A's.

Phyllis was proud of the grades, but more than that, she had a feeling that school meant something different to her now. It was an adventure, where it had been a chore. Oh, there were still things in her text books that she didn't see much meaning in, but instead of feeling desperate about them, she saw them now as a challenge—one that she had to meet. It was fun grappling with a hard subject, and conquering it.

The week before school was out, Mrs. Lloyd said to the class, "I won't be back next year. My husband is out of the Navy now, and we're moving to the Coast. I've enjoyed this year with you tremendously. I hope it has meant as much to you as it has to me."

Phyllis sat in her seat after the others had gone, her heart like a stone. Mrs. Lloyd not coming back next year? What would she do? She had been the only one who had ever made her want to study, to learn, to accomplish something. The tears stung her throat and welled up into her eyes.

"Did you want something, Phyllis?" asked Mrs. Lloyd, putting on her hat.

"Oh, Mrs. Lloyd, what am I going to do if you don't come back next year?" cried Phyllis despairingly.

Mrs. Lloyd gave her a long, steady look. "You're going to keep right on learning and working and growing, Phyllis."

"But I—I can't—without you to help me," Phyllis' voice was choked. She was afraid she'd burst into tears at any moment.

"Yes, you will. It isn't I who makes you want to work. It's something within yourself. Perhaps I helped to kindle the spark, but it's there now. You've had a glimpse into the world of the mind—you'll never be satisfied going down into the valley again where there is no horizon, Phyllis."

Phyllis went home, her heart still heavy. She sat on the window seat and stared out the window. She looked at the vast, limitless, blue sky, stretching to the ends of the earth and beyond. Her heart suddenly, inexplicably began to lift. Into her mind came the words of the poem Mrs. Lloyd had quoted. She whispered them softly, "Horizon, reach out!"

Before Mrs. Lloyd came along, she couldn't have understood that poem. But now she did, and she, like the poet, wanted to reach out towards the horizons of thought and feeling. Whether she passed her college boards, whether she ever went to college or not, no matter what the future held, Mrs. Lloyd had given her something she'd never forget: the knowledge that adventure lay within herself, that in her mind, she could reach out and touch the sky.

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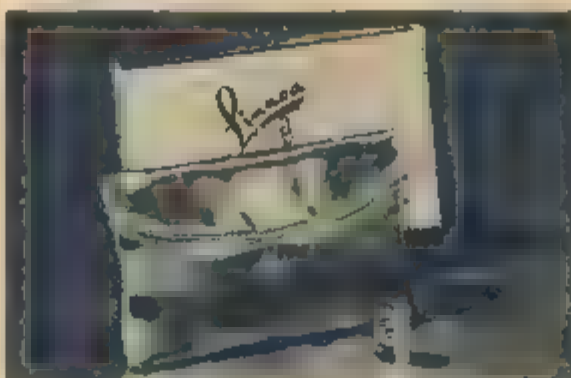
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keep saying. Yardley's English Complexion Cream is a delightful all-purpose cream that melts away dirt and make-up and also may be used to soften and refresh the skin. You'll

love the fragrance—it has just that delicate touch that makes you feel fresh as a country breeze on a sunny spring morning. You'll be charmed by the fat, round, pink jar, too, and pleased that the smaller size is just \$1 at cosmetic counters in department and drug stores.

Helene Pessl, famous European "beautologist," cares more about young beauty-shoppers than she does about any others. That's why she has so painstakingly prepared a complete line of delicate cosmetics especially for teens. "Melinda" is the name, and you'll be as enchanted with the pretty containers as with the fine products in them. To combat skin problems, there's Melinda Cream Vienne (2 oz. jar, \$2) and Special Lotion (2 oz. bottle, \$1.50), but there is a wide assortment of other Melinda products for every use.

Honeybugs

royal, red or black

to 9" About 3 1/2"

AT YOUR FAVORITE

STAR PUPILS

(Continued from page 37)

sympathetic with my interest in animals, writing, and art."

Classes may be conducted in the special school on the lot, or they may be conducted on a ship at sea if that's where the students are making a picture. Wherever young actors work, you'll find a teacher for every ten students.

At 20th Century-Fox Studios, the classroom walls are decorated with an oil painting of an ocean scene by Roddy McDowall and a fawn's head drawn by Linda Darnell, a former student. Among those who attend classes are Roddy McDowall, Barbara Whiting, Connie Marshall, Barbara Lawrence, Hazel Dawn, Loretta Luiz, and Shirley Doble. Miss Frances Klampt, the teacher, also keeps an eye on the progress of Peggy Ann Garner, who, because of her busy picture schedule, has a private tutor.

Linda Darnell, Ann Baxter, June Haver, Vanessa Brown, and Susan Blanchard are among the school's recent graduates. Miss Klampt recalls the year Ann Baxter wrote a script for "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Linda and the others did the sets, and everyone made puppets for a show. The whole performance was filmed in eight millimeter color.

Miss Mary MacDonald, who heads the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer school, believes that the same ability which helped the young stars win contracts makes them better students.

"Lana Turner was outstanding in civil government," she recalls. "Judy Garland had a definite flair for government. Among our present students, Elizabeth Taylor shows marked writing ability. Margaret O'Brien and Sharon McManus have extraordinary vocabularies. Jackie (Butch) Jenkins is more interested in anything on wheels than in studying. While he hates reading, he's very good in arithmetic."

Frequently fifteen- and sixteen-year-old newcomers to the Hollywood screen are surprised to find they must attend school. Sometimes they're condescending to teachers and students alike. It doesn't take long for the good-natured teasing of their schoolmates to break them down so they enter into the spirit of the school wholeheartedly.

At the end of the term, they have to know basically what you know at the same age. The Board of Education gives them their academic examinations, and also their physical examinations. Failure on any count means the actor can't work until he meets the requirements. Fortunately, the small classes allow for more thorough study and instruction, so in three hours a day, most of the "star" pupils have learned their lessons well.

Not much like your dear old Central High? No, but the stars are like you—when all's said and done, they think *their* school is tops!



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NEW GIRL IN SCHOOL

(Continued from page 49)

for yourself to appreciate all this. You feel strange, fish-out-of-waterish, insecure because you don't know your way around—and, naturally, a little homesick. Before the novelty wears off and your classmates start taking you dully for granted, you'd better shove those feelings down to the back of your mind and get in the groove. Now's your chance to be the kind of person you want to be, liked, respected. You have no past record; you can set a firm foundation for a happy future record.

One of the most important things for you to do is to face the new school with an open mind. You're going to find the routines, the traditions, and the customs different from those you are used to. Even if you do look back on the old ways with some nostalgia and think that the way things used to be run was pretty good, it doesn't necessarily mean that these new ways aren't just as good or perhaps even better for this particular set-up. Even if you think the whole new school a pretty sad substitute for your former alma mater, it will not endear you to your classmates to let on that you think so. As a new girl in the school, you're definitely on probation. If you start out in the wrong mood, it'll take many months to undo the wrong impressions you create.

The easiest way to create bad impressions is to be constantly comparing this school to your old one, to the disadvantage of the new school. Of course you may not mean to be unkind when you say something like, "Oh, do you put all your things in a cloakroom here? We each had our own lockers back at Blank." But kindly meant or not, that sounds to your classmates' ears like, "Why, my old school is much better than this dump." It might be that your new classmates will talk down the school themselves, but woe be to you if you agree with them! How many times have you replied when someone commented on the dress you were wearing, "This old thing? I've had it for years!" Imagine your surprise and wrath if the person agreed, "Yes, it is rather a mess, isn't it?"

You're going to have to learn to conform to a new set of rules, too. You may think some of them downright silly. Suppose this school has certain stairways for up-traffic and others for down. You may have come from a big, spacious school where such arbitrary rules were unnecessary and unthought of—but that's no reason to pooh-pooh the regulation and go on a one-man strike. You'll be going against the stream literally and figuratively, putting yourself in a most unpleasant light.

If, on the other hand, you greet the new school with an active, friendly, cooperative spirit, a curiosity about new ways and new people, you'll find yourself quickly



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accepted. Your new classmates will be eager to point out the advantages of the school. Praise these—and keep mum about what you think may be lacking.

After you've been around for a while and learned what the new school has to offer, then it would be O. K. for you to suggest in a friendly way any changes you think from your past experience might be good. Suppose your old school had a singing club and this one has none. Then ask the others if they'd like to start one, telling them how it worked out in the other school. That's quite a different approach from ridiculing them for not having one.

In the same way, it's a good idea to wait awhile before tying up to "best friends." Quite possibly the first gang you speak with will be the one you finally pal around with. But you can't be sure they're for you—or vice versa—until you know them better and before you know others in the school. When you feel the loneliness of being a stranger in the midst of young people who know each other well, it's difficult not to fall gratefully on the neck of the first one who throws you a kind word or a welcoming smile, but it may easily be that those reserved-looking gals and guys across the study hall are the ones whose ways of thinking and doing turn out to be more like your own.

And while you're trying to take advantage of your new situation to get off to a rousing start with a new group of friends, how about getting off to a good beginning with a new set of teachers, who could become your friends, too? We don't mean you should get out the old apple and start polishing. The secret of success here is to grant to your teachers the common courtesies you would grant to anyone else. Think of it this way. Would you keep up a running conversation with a gal next to you while a friend of your mother was trying to tell you something? That's what whispering in class amounts to. Would you go into a friend's home, write on the walls, carve your initials on the tables, throw fruit peel on the floor? Remember that teachers care about the appearance of their classrooms, too.

Schools should not be put in a special category as far as manners are concerned. And that applies extra-specially to you in your special category as a new girl in the school. Even though the old guard may flaunt some of these rudenesses, you'll find them critical of you if you try it—because that limelight's focused on you.

You won't always be on the spot. The time will come when you're an "old girl" yourself. Then you will be just as proud and defensive about your school to any newcomers as your classmates were to you. You, too, will expect model behavior of the newcomers—and we hope you'll be good material for them to copy.

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Buckland Knitwear

TRY IT—DYE IT!

(Continued from page 45)

running water until all excess dye was removed, we rolled it in a turkish towel and kneaded out the moisture. The material was hung up to dry and pressed on the wrong side while still damp. Now for the sewing!

The draperies and valance were cut from the sheet. Draperies, to be most effective, should reach to the window sill, to its apron, or to the floor. You may have to be guided in your preference by the amount of material you have; we chose sill-length draperies. For the best effect, both panels of the draperies together should equal one-and-a-half times the width of the window. When cutting out, be sure to allow about one inch for seams and also a few inches for a heading through which to draw the curtain rod. The valance should be about twice the width of the window and as deep as you like.

We bought five yards of plaid gingham for trimming, cut it into strips, and ruffled it as needed. For trimming the draperies, we cut out and sewed together strips about five inches wide, and more than one-and-a-half times the combined length and width of the draperies. The ruffler attachment on your sewing machine will ruffle the trim and attach it to the edges of the draperies, all in one operation. If you live near a Singer Sewing Center, you can get expert in-person instruction on how to ruffle, as well as how to make these pieces.

Four of our twelve feed bags went into making the dressing-table skirt. Since they were the exact size required for our table, no further cutting was necessary. However, this is how to measure for a skirt. To determine the length, measure from the dressing-table top to the floor, plus about two and one-half inches for hems. The width may be three or four times the measurement around the dressing-table top, depending on how full you like the skirt. Make a heading on the skirt, through which to run a drawstring. Trim consists of three strips of gingham, one to circle the table and two to border the front edges of the skirt. The skirt is held in place on the table with a few upholstery tacks.

In measuring and cutting out the bench skirt, follow the same procedure as for the dressing-table skirt. First, cut out the seat cover, allowing for a two-inch lapover all around. Draw this cover taut over the top of the bench, miter the corners, and tack in place. Then measure from seat to floor to determine length of skirt and sew together the required number of bags, hemming narrowly on top and bottom. Then stitch the gingham trim to the top of the skirt, leaving a heading for a drawstring. After the skirt is arranged in folds on the bench, insert tacks under the trim to hold it fast.

A search through almost any attic or basement is bound to reveal at

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least one dining-room or kitchen chair that—with a little beautifying—can do duty in your bedroom. Our search brought up a chair with a curved top which made our problem a bit more difficult. However, since we were fortunate enough to have the help and advice of the local Singer Sewing Center in carrying out this project, our shortie top fits perfectly, as you can see on page 45. We cut it out of a small feed bag, allowing a seven-inch depth at either end and an eight and one-half inch depth in the center to accommodate the curve. Then a gingham strip was stitched to the bottom edge and the cover sewed by machine. The seat cover is a simple job, requiring one small feed bag. The bag is cut to fit the seat with a two-inch lapover all around, and is mitered and tacked in exactly the same manner as the bench cover. Then make a generous gingham ruffle with a string drawn through its top hem, arrange it in folds around the chair, tie the drawstrings and tack it at each corner for additional anchorage.

A matching lamp-shade cover was made from the remaining feed bag. The fabric was cut on the bias with a one-inch allowance for seams, fitted on the shade, and pinned tightly at the seams. Then the top and bottom edges of the cover were hemmed and the seams joined together. Two strips of gingham trim—twice the measurements of the top and bottom of the shade—were stitched to the edges. To secure the cover to the shade, handstitch it top and bottom.

Even the leftover scraps of fabric were put to use in making a ruffled edging for the dressing-table mirror and a backing of bias strips to hold the ruffle in place. We sewed together a number of strips, making a hem through which to draw a string, and then stitched the ruffle to the backing. The ruffle was then arranged around the front of the mirror, the backing around the rear, and the drawstrings tied tightly.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained" applies to decorating, too. Just because you've never dyed or sewed anything before, doesn't mean you shouldn't begin now. If a whole room scheme seems too ambitious for a starter, test your wings on a very simple dressing-table skirt or perhaps runners for your chest of drawers and dresser, and then go on to bigger and better things. You have nothing to gamble but a few hours' time and the small cost of a package or two of dye. It's fun and you have a hobby and a lovely new room to gain—so go to it!

Experts have prepared complete step-by-step instructions for cutting out and sewing draperies, dressing-table and bench skirts, mirror trim, chair and lamp covers. If you can read, you can follow these directions. For *Sew For Your Room* send five cents in coin to Decorating Department 2, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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to the lapin:
you go to my head!*



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YOUNG MAN ON A HORSE

(Continued from page 27)

trained the horses we use in the picture, contends that a horse is innately smarter, more useful, and more companionable than a dog. That's his opinion, anyway. He points out that most families give their dogs the run of the house twenty-four hours a day, but none of them ever give a horse the same privilege. For a while I was so enthusiastic about the idea of making an indoor pet of my horse that my wife began to get a little worried.

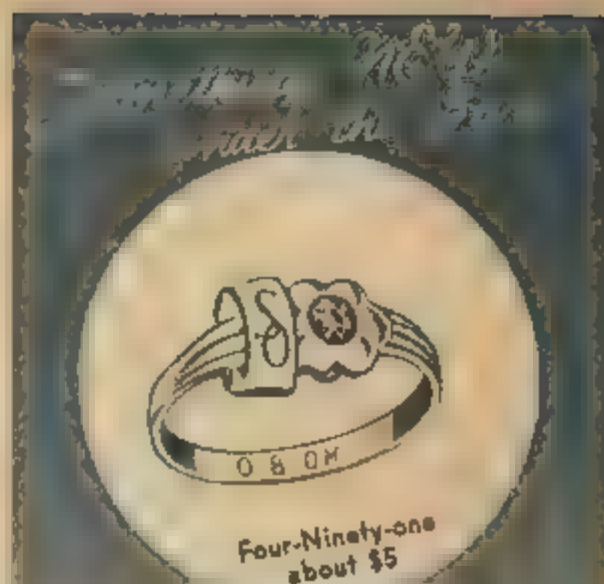
My role in "Duel in the Sun" has been more fun than any I've ever portrayed on stage or screen. Ever since my childhood days in La Jolla and San Diego, when I read Zane Grey's books and sat in the front row of the theater watching Buck Jones, Tom Mix, and other cowboy stars, I've had a secret yearning to be a cowboy.

Instead, I found myself a pre-med student at the University of California, decided I didn't like medicine, and left school to drive an oil truck. But that wasn't just what I wanted either, so I went back to school and majored in English. A friend who was directing the Berkeley production of Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie" offered me a part in the play. That did it! From then on, I knew what I wanted, and the next stop was the New York stage.

What about that boyhood ambition to ride the range? Well, I suppose the world is full of would-be cowboys who end up riding a horse with an English saddle along bridle paths in city parks. Not that I went that far astray. I didn't ride. I was too busy "barking" at the World's Fair, guiding visitors at Radio City, doing almost anything that would give me enough to live on so that I could study to be an actor. And even after I landed on Broadway and from there went to Hollywood, my roles were of the "Keys of the Kingdom," "Valley of Decision," and "Spellbound" variety. No producer ever seemed to guess that I had a hidden longing to be a riding, shooting, whooping-it-up cowboy until David O. Selznick began casting for his saga of the 1880 Texas bad lands.

For two months before the picture started, I worked every day with Ralph McCutcheon and the two horses I work with in the picture, Midnight and Dice. Ralph had to teach me, just as he teaches his horses. I learned to do a running side-mount, a Cooper mount, to keep a horse under control, and to keep my seat when he reared, to be at real ease with a horse. And most important of all, to trust a horse's intelligence.

And speaking of horses—there I go again! Can't stop talking about Dice. When you see him you'll know what I mean and chances are you'll feel about him just as I do.



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MAYOR MARTIN'S

INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 35)

"I'm sorry I'm late," Peggy drew her out into the corridor. "I ran all the way." She paused to catch her breath. "Have you got a line on the boys yet?"

Connie gaped in amazement. "But, Peggy, I just told you about that!"

"How could you? I just got here," Peggy turned quickly as a bellboy tapped her on the shoulder and handed her a note. A slight frown creased her forehead. "What's this?" she asked. But the bellboy had already gone off down the corridor.

"I don't know. Open it and see." Peggy tore the seal and unfolded the paper inside. "Plans have changed. Leaving earlier tonight. Meet me at the station instead. Same time. Love, Jim." She stared helplessly at the note. "But I don't know any Jim."

Connie crinkled her brow thoughtfully. "There's something peculiar about this," she figured. "First the punch bowl and now the note." The sounds inside the ballroom were changing. Mayor Martin was announcing the amateur program. "Listen, Peg," Connie went on, "go inside and look around. I have a hunch you're in for a surprise. I'm going to track down that bellboy and find out to whom that note was addressed." She snatched the message from Peggy's outstretched hand and sped down the corridor.

After quizzing two of the bellboys who were standing around in the lobby, Connie discovered that the one she wanted had just gone home. So had the desk clerk who'd given him the note to deliver. She turned away from the desk, and a figure in pantaloons brushed by her.

"Hey, Peg!" she shouted. But the girl didn't even turn her head. She was running across the lobby, and in a moment she was gone, a flash of blue through the revolving door.

Connie blinked. "There must be two of you," she told herself. "It's the only solution."

But when she entered the ballroom a few minutes later, Peggy was no place to be seen. A soft-shoe dancer was knocking himself out on the improvised stage and the amateur show was just about over. Connie was puzzled. If that girl downstairs had been Peggy, where was she going and why? And if she had been somebody else, where was Peggy now? She was still pondering when the orchestra struck up the first chords of the grand march.

"You're Connie all right," a teasing voice said directly behind her. "Nobody else could go into a trance like that with activity buzzing all around her."

Connie whirled around to face the Red Cross knight. "I knew you the minute I came in tonight, Cap Riley," she retorted. "Your cowlick shows!"



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IT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL...

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*"Angeline"
the cat with the navy blue eyes*

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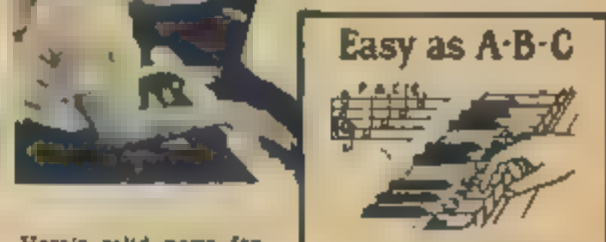
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"That doesn't count." Cap led her into position for the procession. "I spoke first; I get the soda."

Connie tossed her head indignantly. "I had more serious things on my mind."

Cap groaned. "I'll bite. What's up this time?"

The drums began to roll and the procession moved slowly forward. "It's about Peg. Where is she?"

"How do I know?" Cap kidded. "I had eyes only for you."

They found Peggy soon after the unmasking. She and Stub had taken over a table in the corner. Stub was alternately fanning Peggy with a paper plate and feeding her from a glass of punch.

"Oh, my goodness," Peggy was gurgling as Connie and Cap came up. "It's absolutely exhausting to be famous."

Connie grasped her arm. "What happened? Where were you?"

"Just backstage," Peggy pulled the turban off her head and shook her blonde curls free. "You were right about my being in for a surprise, Connie. There was a girl singer in the amateur show who was dressed just like me. I figured the message from Jim had been meant for her, so I went backstage to give it to her. But she'd disappeared right into thin air. Nobody saw her go. The other entertainers just knew she wanted to go on early because she had an appointment." Peggy sighed. "She had a beautiful voice, and everybody is looking for her—even a couple of talent scouts from New York. But the terrible thing is that they all think I sang those songs. And even your father tried to give me the prize as a joke." Peggy started to giggle hysterically.

"All you'd have to do to convince them you can't sing," laughed Cap, "is to open your mouth."

"Be serious," put in Connie. "We've got to find that girl. There's some reason besides the masquerade for her disguise. She doesn't want to be recognized."

"And how do you know that?" Cap wanted to know. "By your crystal ball?"

"Of course not, silly. I talked to her twice."

It was then that Stub demanded an explanation. "I know I'm a dope," he confessed meekly, tugging at his ear. "But unfortunately my mind works forwards, not backwards. Will you please enlighten me?"

Connie told her part of the story first. Then, when Peggy took over, she subsided into a dark study, her chin resting on her hands. Finally she straightened up with a jerk. "Peg, you copied your costume from a book in the library, right?" And when Peggy nodded, she went on. "And that's the only picture of the woman you know of?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Then, if we got hold of that book, and checked all the women who took it out of the library in the past

couple of weeks, we'd probably have our girl."

"It's not a bad idea," Cap admitted grudgingly, "but she might be one of the convention crowd, and they're pulling out tomorrow. The library's closed until Monday."

"So what?" Connie challenged, her eyes gleaming. "We've got somebody's career in the palm of our hands."

"We'll just say open Sesame and break into the library through a window or something," bubbled Peggy, catching on fast.

Cap and Stub regarded each other in mute despair and bowed their heads.

Connie winked at Peggy. "No time like the present." She grabbed Cap's hand and dragged him to the door. Peggy and Stub were at their heels. The strains of "Personality" sounded from the ballroom as they raced away.

It was pitch black outside the library. Nervous shivers crawled up and down Connie's spine as she crept between the building and the hedges around it. Cap was trying each window systematically. Every time he came back and took her hand to lead her on, it was comforting somehow to hang on tight. Behind her, Connie could hear Stub and Peggy following. She wondered, as they worked their way to the back of the library, what the police did to people who were caught breaking into municipal buildings. As the Mayor's daughter, she really should know!

"Hey, this one's broken." Cap's whisper sounded like a shot in the still night air. "It's patched with cardboard," he went on, when the other three finally stumbled to his side. "I can push that out and put my arm through to unlock it." He went to work, and as soon as the window was up, he and Stub boosted the girls inside.

Stub produced two precious books of matches and handed them up. "We'll keep watch out here and whistle once if anyone comes, twice for the all-clear."

"And step on it," Cap warned. "This is what is known as lawbreaking."

Peggy was already feeling her way toward the stacks inside. "Follow me," she told Connie confidently. "Having worked here most of last summer, I ought to be able to find my way around all right."

Slowly the two girls made their way through row after row of bookshelves. Connie lit matches while Peggy looked. Their hearts were pounding as the minutes ticked by, and still more bookshelves spread before them. Connie was starting on the second package of matches by the time Peggy heaved a sigh of relief.

"Here it is." She glanced hastily at the card in back. "And only four people on the list." She handed the book to Connie and led the way toward the front desk. "There's a

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card file around here some place," she muttered, rummaging through the drawers. "We can get the address from that."

A sharp whistle cut through the silence like a knife. The book slipped out of Connie's hands and fell with a crash. Peggy blew out the match and sank to her knees beside Connie. Hand in hand, they waited there, trembling.

"I hope nobody heard that book fall," worried Connie after a while.

"Me, too." Peggy cocked her head on one side and listened. "I don't hear anything," she said. "You don't suppose anything could have happened to the boys, do you?"

"I don't know." Connie swallowed a lump in her throat.

It seemed hours before the two whistles sounded the all-clear. The girls sprang to their feet. Quickly Peggy found the file, hunted through it for the right names, and copied down the necessary information. Connie lit matches like mad, tucked the cooled-off, burned matches in the bag she carried.

"O. K." Peggy whispered at last. "Let's get out of here."

The boys caught them as they dropped from the window, and all four walked swiftly back to the street. It wasn't until they'd almost reached Peggy's house that anyone spoke.

Connie broke the silence. "What happened? Why did you whistle and scare us to death?"

"It was just the watchman going by," Stub explained. "We didn't want to take any chances."

"Did you get all the dope?" Cap wanted to know.

"Yes, and more, too." Connie handed him a scrap of paper. "It fell out of the book when I dropped it," she told the mystified Peggy.

Cap held the paper up to the street light. "'Leaving Sunday for South America for six months as planned. See you in the morning at the hotel Coffee Shop. Love, Jim.'" He stuffed the note into his pocket. "Looks like we're on the right track."

"But we'd better check the names early in the morning and meet in the Coffee Shop before ten ourselves," Stub put in. "If everything else fails, we might be able to catch her there."

Cap nodded grimly. "Connie and I can check the two names at the hotel. You and Peg cover the two in town. Since the girl disappeared before Peggy could give her the second message, she's bound to be at the Coffee Shop, even if Jim isn't."

But the next morning Cap wasn't so sure of his prediction. He and Connie were sipping their sodas disconsolately when Peggy and Stub arrived at the Coffee Shop and sank into seats beside them.

"No luck," Stub announced. "One on our list was a stenographer with laryngitis, and the other was a schoolteacher who's tone deaf." He ordered sodas and sandwiches for



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himself and Peggy while Cap gave his report.

"The desk clerk here says one of ours is a sixty-five-year-old lady who sounds like a foghorn. And the other, Karen Holliday, isn't registered at all."

"And Cap and I have been sitting here for fifteen minutes," Connie added. "Not a single solitary soul has come in but us."

Until their orders arrived, all four kept their eyes glued to the shiny glass door that led into the Coffee Shop. But nobody came in.

"It's a shame about that girl," Connie thought. "She's tossing up a swell career."

Cap had evidently been thinking the same thing. He screwed up his face and squinted at the clock above the soda fountain.

"There's going to be one sorry gal if we don't find her," he said thoughtfully. "Those talent scouts aren't going to take the trouble to track her down. And there's nothing more we can do."

"Well," Peggy brightened as the waitress set a three-decker sandwich under her nose, "I guess we'll have to mark this one 'case unsolved.'"

"Never mind." Stub patted her shoulder affectionately. "Connie will dream up another to take its place."

"Just a minute!" Connie's shout echoed through the empty room.

Cap started. "So soon?" he asked, looking at Connie queerly. "That's quick work—even for you."

Connie ignored him. Her hand closed over the waitress', just as the girl placed a soda in front of Stub. "What's your name?"

The girl's face was pale. "Karen Holliday," she said, startled. And her hand trembled slightly as she pushed a stray lock of hair back from her forehead.

Peggy squealed and Connie rose triumphantly. "Sit down, won't you?" Connie suggested. "I think we have some good news for you."

Everybody started to talk at once then, and by the time they'd finished, Karen's breath was coming in fast little gasps. She did look a little like Peggy, Connie thought, especially when her brown eyes began to dance with happiness.

"I feel like Cinderella," she panted. "I've always dreamed of being a singer. But I never thought I'd have a chance to prove it."

She'd overheard the talent scouts mention the masquerade when she served them breakfast the day before, she explained in a rush of excited sentences. So she decided to crash it. She ransacked the library for a costume, and the book Peggy had borrowed was still on one of the racks, waiting to be put back on the shelf. If it hadn't been for that, she probably would never have stumbled onto the very costume that Peggy had chosen. And it was an easy one to copy. She really lived with her aunt in town, but gave the hotel ad-



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dress on an impulse when she took the book out. That way she couldn't possibly be traced.

"But what difference did it make?" Connie wondered. "Why didn't you want anyone to know who you really were?"

"I didn't want my boss to see me. He gets sarcastic sometimes, and I couldn't bear the idea of his making fun of me if I shouldn't be chosen," Karen answered. "I thought some of the hotel staff might drop in. And I was right. I recognized my boss when I was singing." She leaned back and smiled gracefully. "Now, thanks to you, this job doesn't matter any more. And I'll be able to meet Jim in New York when he comes back."

"That's another thing," Peggy interrupted. "Who's Jim?"

Karen's dark eyes grew brighter than ever as she told them about Jim. He was her fiancé, and was now on his way to South America to represent an American firm. He'd been bombarding her with notes all day yesterday because he didn't know exactly when he'd have to leave. First, it had been this afternoon. That was when he'd written that he'd meet her in the Coffee Shop. Then it was late last night, and he was to pick her up at her aunt's house. But when she got home, her aunt said he'd telephoned from the station. He'd written her a note, but that was the one delivered to Peggy by mistake. So she never received it. Anyway, his train was very late, so she made it all right. Only that meant that the masquerade was over and the talent scouts gone, by the time she reached the hotel again. "This morning I stopped at the desk, but the talent scouts had already checked out," she finished.

"Dad has their card," Connie interrupted. She called Mayor Martin and got the address for Karen. Then, after wishing Karen all the luck in the world and promising to come to visit her in New York when she was settled, the gang continued on their way.

"There's one thing I don't get," puzzled Peggy, turning to Connie. "How did you know she was Karen Holliday in the first place?"

"It was the ring," Connie's blue eyes sparkled. "Last night when I talked to her at the punch bowl, I admired her ring. I'd never seen you wear anything like that before. But then I forgot about it, until this morning when she put Stub's glass on the table. I noticed it on her finger, and something clicked in my head."

"The wheels never stop turning under that red mop of yours, do they?" Cap draped his arm around Connie's shoulders and grinned down at her fondly.

Connie smiled up into his face. "If you don't stop saying such nice things to me, Cap Riley," she warned, "I'm going to turn into a regular swoon sister right here on Main Street."

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FROM YOU TO US (Continued from page 4)

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R. D., Union Gap, Wash.

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 I think you usually put out a swell magazine, but you're slipping now. "The Widening Circle" was a terrible story, and I certainly was bored with "A-Hosteling You Go" and "Girls Get on the Softball." C'mon, brace up.
C. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your May issue of CAG was the best copy I've ever read. I think the story "The Widening Circle" was terrific. I also liked "Girls Get on the Softball."
B. K., Warrensburg, Mo.

I liked "Girls Get on the Softball" better than any article I've read. In fact, I think I'd like to join a professional softball team.
H. D., Hinsdale, Ill.

You'll get them, too.
 I could really go for some more articles on sports, especially basketball.
B. C., Webster City, Ia.

A colleen comments
 You may be surprised at receiving a letter from Ireland, but I had to write to tell you how much I enjoy CAG. It certainly is interesting. I think American girls would laugh at some of us, perhaps. They are so good at most things. We Irish girls feel ill at ease most of the time with boys. In school we wear plain uniforms, and we don't jitterbug. The majority of our parents object to our wearing any make-up until we are about seventeen. The boys do, too.
L. R., County Tyrone, Ire.

We get around
 I really don't know what I'd do without CAG. I live out from the city in an oil camp and rarely get to town. Since I used to live in the city, I miss a lot of things. But CAG supplies all the things I miss right here at home.
J. D., Signo, Tex.

I've traveled in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana in the past two years and found CAG to be the best known and most widely read magazine among the high school teen-agers.
D. B., Abbeville, La.

Merel beaucoup
 "Does Your Face Break Out?" was just about the most helpful article you've put in your book so far, because so many girls have that trouble.
J. W., Bronx, N. Y.

Since I'm going to get my license before school starts this year, your article "You're the Driver" helps me a lot.
B. L. H., Oakland, Md.



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*Portland, Me.....Owen Moore & Co.
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*Portsmouth, Ohio.....Marting Bros.
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Company
Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
Pueblo, Colo.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Quincy, Mass.....Gilchrist Co.
Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
*Rapid City, S. D.....Baron's
Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
Richland, Wash.
C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Helronimus Co.
*Rochester, Minn.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Rochester, N. Y.....Edward's
Rockford, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Rockford, Ill.....Hess Bros.
Rock Island, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
*Sacramento, Calif.....Weinstock Lubin
Saginaw, Mich.....Wm. C. Wlachmann Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.....Harberger-Hart Co.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous Barr Co.
*St. Paul, Minn.....Golden Rule Dept. Store
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Co.
San Angelo, Texas
Solomon's Women's Wear
San Antonio, Texas.....Jack & Jill
Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
*San Jose, Calif.....Hale Bros.
*San Francisco, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Company
*Scranton, Pa.
Cleveland-Simpson Company
Seattle, Wash.....The Bon Marche
Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
*South Bend, Ind.
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
*Spartanburg, S. C.....Collins Dept. Store
Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
*Springfield, Ill.....Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.....Farber & Wallace
Springfield, Mo.....Heer's, Inc.
*Springfield, Ohio.....Phillips Company
Stamford, Conn.....C. O. Miller Co.
*Syracuse, N. Y.....L. A. Witherill, Inc.
*Tacoma, Wash.....Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.....Hart Store, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.
*Toronto, Canada.....Northway's
Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Mertz Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
*Tulsa, Okla.....The Froug Co., Inc.
Twin Falls, Idaho
C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa.....N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
*Waltham, Mass.....Gilchrist Co.
Warren, Pa.....Metzger Wright Co.
*Washington, D. C.....The Necht Co.
Waterbury, Conn.....Worth's
*Watertown, S. D.....Herberger, Inc.
Waukegan, Ill.....The Hein Co.
Wausau, Wis.....Winkelman's
*Welch, W. Va.....A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Wheeling, W. Va.....Stone & Thomas
*Wichita, Kan.....Buck's, Inc.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.....Fowler, Dick & Walker
*Williamsport, Pa.....Brazman's
Wilmington, Del.....Kennard, Fyfe Co.
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Co.
*Winona, Minn.....Stevenson's
*Winston-Salem, N. C.....The Anchor Co.
Woonsocket, R. I.....McCarthy's
*Worcester, Mass.....Denholm & McKay Co.
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes Woodin Co.
York, Pa.....The Bon-Ton Department Store
*Youngstown, Ohio.....G. M. McKelvey Co.
*Zanesville, Ohio.....H. Weber Sons & Co.

OUR COVER GIRL'S A MOVIE STAR



SHE'S Janet Regan, who plays the part of the G.G.G. (Grim Grewsome Grind) in the *Calling All Girls* color movie, "Back to School Fashions of 1946," soon to be shown by most of the Official Headquarters Stores listed on this page. Of course, with the help of Nancy Pepper and some slick *Calling All Girls* Screen Tested fashions, Janet turns out

to be a B.T.O. (Big Time Operator) at the end, and throws the campus into a panic with her front-cover two-piecer of Wyner wool jersey by Gail Berk with matching stocking cap by Madcaps. Her "Little Dogie" fur shoes by Cobbler and fur belt by Anno are sure to start a sad for fur accessories; she wears Dancing Twins seamless nylons and her lipstick is Heavenly Glow by Helena Rubinstein. If you're statistically minded, Janet is 16 years old, five feet five inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, has been a Powers model for seven years (she used to model children's fashions for Parents' Magazine) and she is making her second appearance as a *Calling All Girls* Cover Girl. Our front-cover Kodachrome is by William Ward.

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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